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The American Girl

FEBRUARY

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

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I AM PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that the activity of the Ford Good Drivers League will be broadened in 1941. This year, girls as well as boys will be admitted to membership. The enthusiastic support given the League in its first year by educational, safety, and civic organizations is gratefully acknowledged. I believe that the work of the League in 1941 will be equally interesting to these groups.

To all boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 inclusive, I extend a cordial invitation to join the Ford Good Drivers League and participate in its activities.

Edsel Ford

EDSEL FORD

Announces

**THE 1941 GOOD DRIVERS LEAGUE PROGRAM
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA**



98 University Scholarships for Skillful Driving

In its second year the Ford Good Drivers League offers girls, as well as boys, an opportunity to become more skillful drivers. Boys will compete against boys in one division; girls against girls in another division. Ninety-eight scholarships (49 in each division) will be awarded to winners in Good Driving Contests.

Membership in the Ford Good Drivers League is open to any boy or girl who lives in the United States, who is between 14 and 18 years of age inclusive, and who is legally authorized to drive an automobile. An enrollment card may be secured from any Ford or Lincoln and Mercury dealer, or by writing to the Ford Good Drivers League.

Those who join the League will receive, without charge, a membership card, a membership button, an illustrated book, "How To Become A Skilled Driver," and full details of the nation-wide driving contest. 98 scholarships (49 for boys and 49 for girls) will be awarded to the 98 State Winners competing in the National Finals in Detroit in August.

Every boy or girl who enters the safe driving contest has an opportunity to become the driving champion of his or her city, state, or even the entire country.

Be among the first to enroll from your community.

FORD GOOD DRIVERS LEAGUE
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS
REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for FEBRUARY, 1941

Cover Design	Dorothy Grider
Hope—From a painting by George Frederick Watts	4

STORIES

Our Chickens— <i>Princess Nathalie Troubetskoy</i> . Illustrated by Flavia Gág	8
"All Bells in Paradise"— <i>Margaret Widdemer</i> . Illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell	17
The Desert Calling, II— <i>Marguerite Aspinwall</i> . Illustrated by Monte Crews	23

ARTICLES

Picnic in Tunis— <i>Emma-Lindsay Squier</i> . Illustrated by Hubert Whatley	5
Hans Andersen's First Love— <i>Constance Buel Burnett</i> . Illustrated with photographs	10
Adventure in Tickler's Cove— <i>Helen Gere Cruickshank</i> . Illustrated with photographs by Allan D. Cruickshank	13
Washington's Happiest Birthday— <i>Eloise Lownsbury</i> . Illustrated with photographs	16
Girl Guiding in Uganda— <i>Mother M. Anna, O.S.F.</i> Illustrated with a drawing and photographs	20

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

When Americans Get Together	26	What's On the Screen?	42
They Were Prepared!— <i>Rose Kerr</i>	28	A Penny for Your Thoughts	44
DEPARTMENTS		Pictures of Merit from the Photography Contest	
In Step with the Times— <i>Latrobe Carroll</i>	34	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
What's On the Air?	38	When Stamps Are Your Hobby— <i>Osborne B. Bond</i>	48
Make Your Own Clothes— <i>Elizabeth Anthony</i>	39		

ANNE STODDARD, Editor
ELIZABETH HONNESS, Managing Editor
ERIC SHUMWAY, Advertising and Circulation Manager

THE AMERICAN GIRL

MARJORIE CINTA, Editorial Assistant
MARY REARDON, Editorial Assistant
MARGARET MORAN, Advertising Representative

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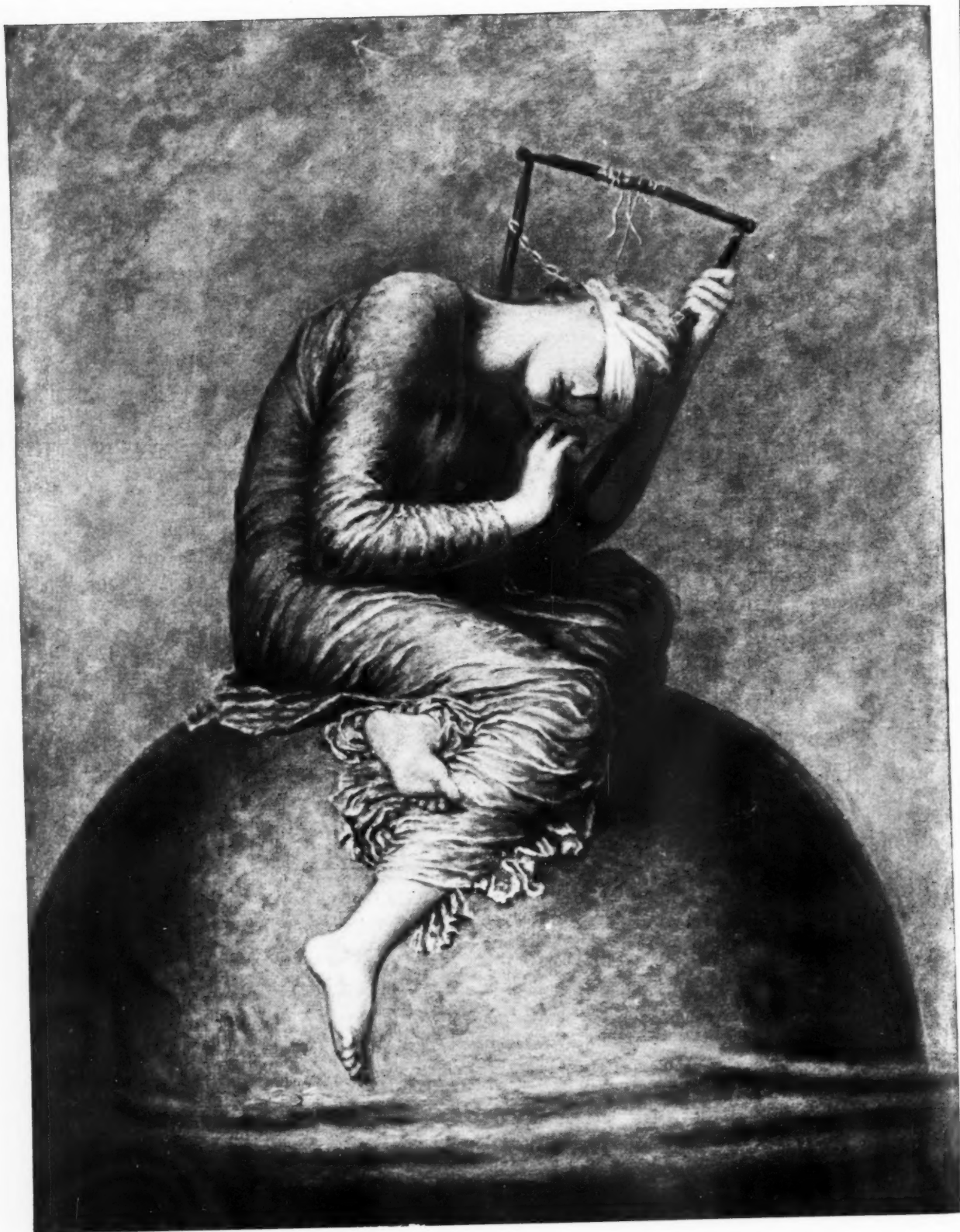
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

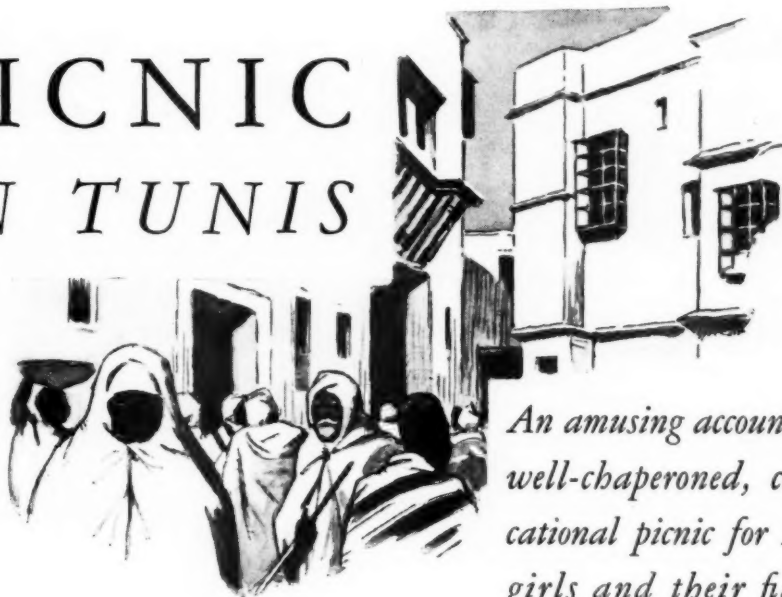
THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

FEBRUARY • 1941

PICNIC IN TUNIS



An amusing account of a well-chaperoned, coeducational picnic for Arab girls and their fiancés

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

WHEN I came back from a trip to North Africa, I told an ex-resident of that part of the world that I had been a guest at an Arab picnic. He looked incredulous—highly incredulous, I might add. Then, finding an explanation to his own liking, he replied, "Oh, you mean you went with some Arab women."

"No," I answered, "it was coeducational. A car full of young men, and another of girls."

The tone of his answer patted me kindly on the head and told me to keep out of the hot sun. "You writers dream up the most ridiculous things," he said.

But it was no dream. It was one of those paradoxical things which happen when the old order and the new meet head-on. Incongruous, partaking of both elements yet belonging to neither—such was the Arab picnic that strange day in Tunis.

It was no wonder that my friend was incredulous. For although the advance of Western civilization has broken down many of the barriers which have surrounded Moslem women for ages, there are still two walls of their prison to which they cling with fanatical persistence—the face veil and the avoidance of masculine company other than husbands or blood relatives.

Have you ever had one of those nightmares in which you discovered that you were without sufficient clothing in the midst of properly dressed people? Do you recall your feeling of shock and horror? Well, that is the way an Arab girl would feel if her veil should slip and reveal her face to a strange man. And as for the stimulating, wholesome comradeship between girls and boys which you and I take for granted—there is none.

But then, you ask, how come a picnic of "hes" and "shes"? It happened like this:

When the ship came into the port of Tunis, I had already decided to stay over for a few days and overtake the boat somewhere on the Spanish coast. Our brief stays in Casa Blanca, Algiers, etc., had only been teasers; they had whetted my appetite to a point where I felt I must at least get the "feel" of some North African city. And one cannot do that in a hurried tourist jaunt, up one street and down another and back to the boat.

Fortunately, through friends on the ship, I met Mr. and Mrs. William Kelley, Americans living in Tunis. Both of them were doing valuable work among the young Mohammedan girls and boys. Mr. Kelley had organized a flourishing baseball team, and Mrs. Kelley took young girls into her home for care and training. She was one of those happy, busy people who can always find time for one more thing. And when I told her I was staying over in Tunis, she immediately took me under her wing.

"Of course you'll want to see the *souks* (markets)," she suggested, "and the site of ancient Carthage, and visit the museum that used to be the Palace of the Bey. Then, day after to-morrow, I'd like to have you come with me to an Arab picnic."

She said it so casually that for a moment I didn't realize the unusualness of the invitation.



AN ARAB GIRL WOULD FEEL DISGRACED IF A MAN SHOULD HAPPEN TO SEE HER UNCOVERED FACE

"But I thought—" I said at last. She smiled. "Yes, I know, but times are changing—a little."

Then she explained the circumstances. Among the young people of Arab birth who came to the Kelleys for instruction of various sorts, were two modern-minded young men who were engaged to sisters. According to Moslem rules, all marriages are arranged by the parents, and the bride and groom never meet until their wedding day. Then for the first time he sees her face, and she, for the first time, sees the man who is to be her lord and master for the rest of her life—unless he decides to divorce her.

But neither of these youths, Hassan and Mallam, wished to go into marriage with a strange female "sight unseen." They declared to their parents that they must positively know what their brides-to-be looked like.

Just how this was arranged, I do not know. Probably quite easily and without embarrassment to any of the parties concerned. For the boys were the girls' cousins, and so, of course, often visited the parents of their future brides. This startling deviation from Mohammedan law was, naturally, strictly *sub rosa*. Neither the boys nor the girls would ever have admitted publicly that the traditional custom had been flouted.

Let me say here, that if you think of all Arabs in terms of deserts and tents and camels, you will be as mistaken as I was. The Arab race is to be found all through the northern part of Africa. It is an extremely ancient one, and was once a powerful entity that threatened the very existence of the Christian nations. Some tribes have always been nomadic—going from place to place on the desert, taking their live stock and household equipment with them. Others have always been city dwellers.

In Tunis, as in all the other cities along the coast of North Africa, you will see Arabs wearing a variety of dress. Many of them wear robes, covered by the white woolen *burnous* with its long loose sleeves. Such a costume is usually completed by a turban. Others prefer a burnous with a hood, which gives their dark faces a sinister, shadowed look. And still others—especially on the modern thoroughfares—affect modern coats, trousers, and shoes. The only Oriental touch is the red fez, which in Tunis has a long black tassel.

The few Arab women seen on the streets are always so swathed as to look like shapeless sacks. Added to a great many garments underneath, they are closely wrapped in a big, square, white mantle called a *haik*, and as if this enveloping costume were not ugly enough, they wear *black* face veils.

The effect is startling. To see a group of the bundled figures, exaggeratedly white in the fierce sunshine—with a black oval where a face should be—gives one a creepy feeling. At night it is worse. You can't believe that these shadowy silhouettes have any faces at all.

Both Hassan and Mallam, who were to be the hosts at the picnic, wore modern clothes—but with the Tunisian fez. The former was a Christian. The other would have been, he told me, "if it were not for my mother and father."

The picnic was to be held in the fruit orchard owned by Mallam's uncle, a wealthy Arab living near the village of Zagan, some thirty miles from Tunis. But we were to go first to the villa which Mallam and his mother had taken for the summer. His health was delicate, and the country air had been recommended.

I had already met Hassan, a tall, dark-eyed, charming young man in his twenties, who spoke French so beautifully that it gave the language a quality of music. He was completely modern in his attitude. And I was agog with curiosity to see what kind of a girl he was going to marry.

The Kelley home was a big, rambling, comfortable house with a garden, overlooking part of the beautiful city of Tunis. There were several young men there by the time I arrived, laughing, chatting, an informal group of up-to-the-minute youngsters. They all spoke French as well as Arabic, for Tunisia has belonged to France for many years and it is obligatory for the children to learn the language of the European motherland.

But the instant word came that the girls and their aunt were approaching, Hassan and the other boys simply vanished. They piled into a very sporty coupé, and tore off down the road. It would have been the height of bad manners for them to have lingered.

As soon as they had gone, three heavily bundled figures advanced toward the house, along the shaded driveway. Here, coming toward me, was the "mysterious East." The enveloping haiks were vivid white, the face veils were sooty black. The three moved with a curious quietness of step.

Then, safely inside, with no masculine onlookers, the haiks and the face veils were thrown off, and the "mysterious East" disappeared as if by magic. The two girls were wearing cool, summery cotton frocks of American pattern, and their black hair was braided and coiled around their heads. Their names were Fatima and Naila. And

Naila looked so much like a high-school chum of mine that it was startling. Neither of the girls had Oriental features. Their eyes were brown and their skins slightly olive-colored. But that description would fit thousands of American girls.

In one way only did the "mysterious East" persist after their face veils and haiks were shed. The palms of their hands and the tips of their fingers were stained with henna. And I lost, then and there, the thrill I had always experienced when I read about "fawn-eyed harem beauties with henna tinted hands and feet."

I realize the importance of henna to any girl of Arabic blood. It is an integral part of her toilette—far more necessary than powdering the nose is to us. And it is evidently guaranteed to do something to the masculine blood pressure, for Arabic poets sing its praises, and it is included in the bridal trousseau which the bridegroom brings his bride. But to the Western eye, it is just a dirty, yellow-brown smear. It is applied at random to the palms of the hands and the finger tips. And, definitely, it is *not* glamorous.

The aunt of the two girls was more bizarre in appearance. Her hair had been dyed a strange orange color, and she wore voluminous trousers of silk, gathered in around the ankles. However, she was a good-natured, fun-loving person, and she teased her nieces unmercifully about the approaching "rendezvous" with their fiancés. They blushed and hid their faces, and appealed to Mrs. Kelley, who assured them that they would not have to exchange a single word with either young man.

Naila, the prettier girl—the one who looked so much like my high-school chum—was engaged to Hassan, the handsomer of the young men. I was glad about this, for it was just as it would have been if I had arranged the matter myself. She was so bright and gay, so like an intelligent American girl, it was difficult to realize that for many centuries her ancestors had been Moslem Arabs.

Fatima was a bit stolid, a bit inclined to heaviness of mind and body. One could imagine her a few years hence having taken on weight like her aunt. But Mrs. Kelley told me privately that she was deeply in love with the cousin she was to marry. His poor health worried her. And one main reason for the unconventional picnic was her determination to see for herself if Mallam was feeling better in the country villa.

There was the usual pre-picnic bustle, with many last-minute items to be loaded in the car. Then finally we were off, Mrs. Kelley at the wheel with me beside her, and the two girls and their aunt bundled and veiled in the back seat.

It was a fascinating ride. We soon left Tunis with its wide, palm-shaded avenues, and followed a road leading across barren desert country toward the foothills that fringe the coast line.

The highway paralleled the ruins of a massive Roman aqueduct. Mile upon mile, the tall, broken arches marched away toward the hills. And I had a vivid mental picture of thousands of miserable, naked slaves toiling, antlike, in the fierce African heat, molding the great brown bricks, piling them, and mortaring them under the watchful eye of the Roman overseers.

I wondered if the girls on the back seat felt anything out of the past as we followed the line of the ruined aqueduct up into the hills. Their Arab ancestors had destroyed this great engineering triumph at the time they destroyed the magnificent city the Romans built after the fall of Carthage. But Fatima and Naila were obviously far more concerned in keeping their face veils from blowing in the wind than philosophizing about ancient history.

As the road wound up into the hills, the air became cooler. The sun shone as brightly as before, but the ovenlike heat had lifted. No wonder the Romans built villas and summer palaces here to escape the torrid temperature of the coast. (Continued on page 41)

Illustrated
by
HUBERT
WHATLEY





PATSY, THE LITTLE HEN, PREENS HERSELF ON A SOFT CUSHION ON
THE BEST SOFA WHILE IL GALLO HAS TEA ON A RUG ON THE FLOOR

OUR CHICKENS

By PRINCESS NATHALIE TROUBETSKOY

ON EASTER morning we had a surprise gift from old Giovanna, in the village. Luciano, her seven-year-old grandson, more speechless and clean than ever, stalked into our kitchen in stiff new boots, holding well away from his body a huge bunch of early lilacs—and beyond this peaceful shield and his thin person protruded the gaunt framework of an ancient wicker cage.

On being separated somewhat reluctantly from the protecting flowers, Luciano, in a burst of desperation, planked the cage upon our breakfast table and whisked off the white cover. We were confronted by three pairs of eyes, all large, round, and black as boot-buttons, and all opaquely glazed with terror. The bright, dark eyes of the two young chickens in the cage, already past their baby fluff and trustfulness, and those of the small boy, held us in a spell as they awaited our verdict. All three turned their heads enquiringly, first to one

side, then to the other, and tried hard to frighten us with their terror.

Luciano was the first to come to his senses. "They are for you, from my Nonna," he blurted out, "but they are too little to eat yet." A large slab of rich cake and our quite sincere promises never to eat the chicks soon allayed his anxiety. He was smiling shyly when he went away, leaving the chicks to settle down in the kitchen.

The little cock and hen grew quickly, becoming extremely tame. A spotless living room was hardly a satisfactory place for them at first, and we were not so sure we could keep that promise; but, with some patience, they began to acquire almost perfect drawing-room manners, together with the poise of utter security. Clumsiness, destructiveness, and spite departed with their shyness, and they were a constantly edifying example to all who observed them of the result of

good surroundings, correct feeding, and rightful discipline.

From the start there was a marked difference in character between the chicks. The cockerel remained simply *Il Gallo*—no pet name could have suited so well his masculine arrogance and militant courage. The little lady was called "Patsy," for she had all the roguish sweetness of a Celtic maid. The open vowels of the Italians altered it to "Paadzy" which sounded like *pazzi*—crazy, and applied, one gathered, really to her foreign owners. To avoid this, we cut her name down to Pat. Then "Pat, Pat, Pat" became the food or bedtime cry and was promptly answered by both gray chickens.

Pat was the sweetest thing. At meal times she hovered round the table, piping to be picked up as her wings had not grown yet. She would perch on our shoulders, daintily pecking at a laden fork on its way up to a human mouth. She would carefully take morsels of meat, or bread, out of our mouths, never mistakenly or viciously touching our lips. Even when her yellow beak grew sizable, she never took advantage of a clawless, beakless creature. *Il Gallo* never got any farther than snatching dainties from the hand, but Pat even now settles down in a cozy lap for a bedtime meal.

The cold spring forced the chicks to a hot-house life of confinement; sunny, warm days were rare and, until late May, they only stepped out cautiously for a short daily constitutional in the farmyard. No sooner did their tender toes touch a patch of snow, or a frozen cobble, than back into the house they scuttled, complaining loudly, gingerly lifting yellow feet. Patsy would then gladly let herself be picked up and would cuddle down, chirping gratefully, inside a coat or a jumper and close to a comforting human breast, while *Il Gallo* would strut about, stiff, outraged, swearing volubly at the world. Only a snooze in the cage in some darkened nook would pacify him.

The late warm weather found the chicks big and strong, and quite capable of standing up to the other inhabitants of the farmyard. In spite of the unnatural conditions of their early life, they are fine specimens, for we had fed them minced raw beef, chopped spring onions, lettuce, spinach, and fresh milk-cheese.

Il Gallo, almost immediately on his arrival amongst the old farm hens, startled all the inhabitants—and himself even more so—by crowing hoarsely. That was some ten days ago. Now he is the most privileged person in the yard. The old birds cock googly eyes at the handsome young fellow with the flaming crest and resonant tenor voice, the cattle treat him with respect, and the kittens arch their backs at him, offering him gracious antics. We expect his morning call, listening with pride to its growing clarity and vigor. Only little Pat keeps him at a distance and looks at him with a cool and speculative black eye. She seems to realize that all this fierce dignity is only swagger and bluff, and, being much quicker and lighter in movement, she daringly snatches tidbits from under his orange beak.

A month of common company has not cancelled the three months of careful upbringing. Pat still comes whenever she is called, and will take a flying leap from the high wood stack to a passing shoulder, knowing we are on the way to the garden. She is always allowed there, for she never digs up seeds or snips at lettuce plants, going most uncannily only for weeds and grasses.

On chilly afternoons, and punctually at tea time, we still hear the patter of Patsy's little yellow feet on the stone stairs leading to our sitting room. She very much enjoys her share of biscuits and milk, listening to the radio, sitting on the best sofa. The mustard-yellow silk cushion sets off her dove gray plumage to great advantage. There Patsy preens herself, chirps, and rolls happy, beady eyes. She never hops about, she would not dream of flying in a room, she is always clean. Often she will perch the whole evening on the arm of my chair.

Il Gallo, under persuasion, sometimes will come up to the sitting room, too, but only if Pat goes in first. He is not altogether happy there, and he soon retires to the corner by the stove, there to grumble and attend to his toilet.

The chickens still insist on going to bed in the cage, although it is hardly high enough now for the cockerel's big frame. When they have settled themselves, Pat begins a drowsy singing and keeps up a clucking murmur until she and *Il Gallo* and the kittens drop off to sleep.

A surprise Easter gift of two young chicks, presented to the author while dwelling in Italy one spring, provided the prelude to a happy relationship with creatures that are not usually made into house pets

Illustrated by FLAVIA GÁG



PATSY WOULD PERCH GINGERLY ON ONE OF MY SHOULDERS DAINTILY PECKING AT THE FOOD ON A FORK WHICH I HELD IN MY HAND

HANS ANDERSEN'S

First Love

IN THE town of Odense, the people of Denmark have built a museum unique in its purpose to commemorate the life and work of a single man. Here, in the city of his birth, have been reverently collected and preserved his few earthly belongings and all else that concerned Hans Christian Andersen, poet, novelist, and writer of fairy tales.

The upper story of the museum houses a vast number of his books carefully conserved under glass. They include the many editions of his *Wonder Tales*, translated into every known tongue in the world. But on the lower floor we come face to face with Andersen himself. His portraits reveal a tall, awkward man, whose ugliness was illuminated by gentleness and humor, and in whose eyes lurked sadness.

Here we can reconstruct the strange, lonely personality that was Hans Christian Andersen. We can smile at a pair of tremendous house slippers, still wrinkled and bent to the shape of his long foot. His oversized top hat and his cane lie casually on a table as though he had placed them there himself. The battered luggage that accompanied him on his wanderings rests permanently now on the floor beside his desk.

Here we meet the men and women he loved. We see Jonas Collin who was more than friend and benefactor, whom young Hans Christian called "the father." From his portrait on a wall, Jonas Collin bestows on us the same kindly but searching gaze he must often have turned upon the eccentric, overgrown lad he protected from poverty, cruelty, and neglect, and whose genius he saved for Denmark and for the world.

Louise Collin is there, too, Jonas Collin's daughter, whose sympathy and understanding evoked in Andersen a grateful devotion he once hoped might become romance. And young Edward Collin, loved by Hans Christian more deeply than any brother.

But from a quiet corner where her likeness hangs, a girl's face draws us irresistibly—not for its beauty, but for its soft entreating glance, and because beneath her picture, in a glass case, lies a handful of wild flowers bound with a strand of twisted grass. There is pathos in the story behind that withered bouquet kept always for remembrance by Riborg Voigt, and pathos, too, in the small leather bag which lies close beside it. For that bag was found by the Collin family on Andersen's breast when he died, and it contained Riborg's last letter.

Because to the Collins privacy was a sacred thing, they destroyed the letter unread. We shall never know therefore what Riborg wrote. Andersen never married, and although, during a long lifetime, he gave devotion to several more brilliant women, he cherished until death this one message of affection. Even the friendship of Jenny Lind, whom he revered and adored in middle life, was at the end less needful to him than the memory of the love he lost in youth.

IF THE calendar had been dipped in sunshine it could not have presented to Hans Christian a more cloudless procession of joyous days than in the year 1829. And—culminating triumph—toward its close, he published a small volume of collected poems which received friendly attention from Christopher Molbech, the most feared of all Danish critics. He began work on an historical novel, and by the summer of 1830 it required a trip to the west coast of Denmark in order that he might familiarize himself with the country in which the action of his story was laid.

The low, windy hills of Jutland were easy climbing for



PORTRAIT OF RIBORG VOIGT WHO FIRST WON HANS CHRISTIAN'S HEART. ALTHOUGH SHE WAS BETROTHED TO ANOTHER WHEN THEY MET, SHE KEPT UNTIL SHE DIED A NOSEGAY ANDERSEN GAVE HER



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AS HE LOOKED SIX YEARS AFTER HE FIRST MET RIBORG IN 1830. AT LEFT: THE LEATHER BAG FOUND AT HIS DEATH WHICH CONTAINED RIBORG'S LAST LETTER TO HIM



THE MODEST HOUSE IN ODENSE, DENMARK, WHERE HANS ANDERSEN'S PARENTS LIVED DURING THEIR EARLY MARRIED LIFE



CENTER: ANDERSEN'S PATRON AND FRIEND, JONAS COLLIN, WHO HELPED HIM WIN AN EDUCATION. LEFT: HIS DAUGHTER, LOUISE. RIGHT: EDWARD COLLIN AND HIS WIFE. ALL THE COLLINS WERE FAITHFUL, LOYAL FRIENDS TO HANS CHRISTIAN ALL HIS LIFE

his long stride. Flowering heather lit a purple flame under his feet, sand dunes raised their tawny humps against the blazing July sky, and green-fringed shores deepened the

A little-known episode from the life of the beloved author of "The Little Tin Soldier," "The Ugly Duckling," and other favorite fairy tales—tenderly told by

CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT

intense blue of the fjords. Hans Christian saw it all with a poet's keen eye for color—and feeling quickened in him.

Perhaps it was this quickening which made him aware of a nameless longing, sharper than any he had known. He was twenty-five and his cup seemed full. What unslaked thirst was this that turned his happiness to aching want? In the great hall of an ancient castle through which his wanderings led him, he came face to face with his answer and with a lady.

She was no more than a portrait upon the wall and the richness of her brocaded dress was faded by time, but years had not erased gentleness from her young face nor wistfulness from her eyes. Hans Christian stood in front of her picture a long time and in his diary that night he wrote, "It is the first face of a woman that has touched my heart—give me a bride!"

Not many days later Hans Christian made a promised visit to Christian Voigt, a fellow University student whose home was near Odense. He arrived early in the morning. None of the family was ready to receive him except Riborg, Christian's sister.

"My brother is a lazy fellow in summer, Herr Andersen," she explained, "and my parents are resting after a strenuous journey. They will all be down shortly, and in the meanwhile let me give you a cup of coffee."

She led the way into a long, low-ceilinged room. Sunshine painted yellow patches on the floor and splashed color on flower-filled vases. With an easy hospitality that held both grace

and kindness, Riborg settled her tall guest in a chair and placed near him a small table of books.

"These will entertain you till I bring coffee—and you see we are well supplied with the works of Hans Christian Andersen, even to the latest edition." She held up the recent copy of his poems.

"That is Christian's doing," he murmured. "He has been a loyal friend to all my books."

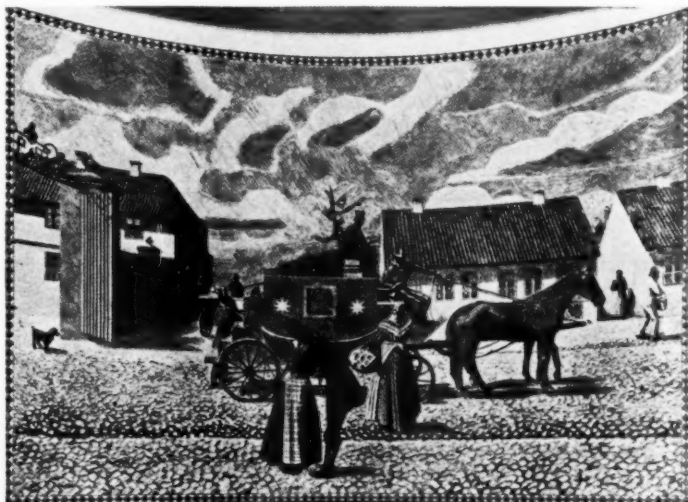
"Indeed, those are my own copies—and because I am an admiring reader, Herr Andersen. Some day, however, I hope to be counted among your friends, too." Riborg smiled over her shoulder as she left the room.

"She has speaking eyes," thought Hans Christian, "and her voice is music that stays in a room after she is gone." He closed his own eyes to recapture the sound and saw her image vivid before him.

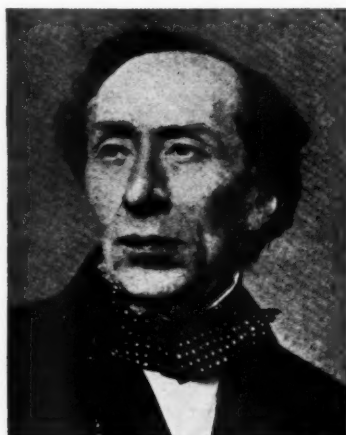
"She walks lightly, as wind passes over tall grass." He repeated the words with a poet's pleased recognition that they might be fashioned into a poem.

"Asleep?" laughed Riborg, returning with a servant and a laden tray. "You fall easily under the spell of a slumbering household."

Hans Christian lifted his clumsy height out of his chair. Beside her daintiness his hands and feet felt huge. The top of her frilled cap did not reach halfway to his shoulder.



A MURAL FROM THE MANY ON THE WALLS OF THE MUSEUM WHICH DEPICT SCENES FROM ANDERSEN'S LIFE. HERE HE IS EMBRACING HIS MOTHER TO TELL HER GOOD-BY AS, AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN, HE LEAVES HIS HOME IN ODENSE FOR COPENHAGEN



LEFT: JENNY LIND, THE BEAUTIFUL SWEDISH SINGER TO WHOM ANDERSEN GAVE DEVOTION IN HIS LATER LIFE. RIGHT: HANS ANDERSEN IN 1860, WHEN HE WAS FIFTY-FIVE, WITH AN EXPRESSION OF SADNESS ON HIS HOMELY, SENSITIVE FACE

"I was dreaming," he corrected her, "for I fall easily under the spell of enchantment." Before his direct gaze Riborg dropped her eyes.

Hans Christian considered how he would like breakfasts always to be eaten like this, with sunlight filling a quiet room and an angel presiding, whose face would be a sweet oval framed in a white cap.

Riborg's deft hands went about the task of pouring coffee and passing bread and honey. "From our own bee-hives," she offered the honey jar proudly, and when her fingers brushed his, Hans Christian trembled.

Christian Voigt had prepared his sister for his friend's ungainly length and warned her

that his manners would not be polished, but he had said nothing at all about Hans Christian's gentleness that made one forget his awkward body after the first glance, nor had he mentioned the disarming smile which painted charm on his ugly face.

"Of course Christian would not have thought to tell me those things," thought Riborg, inwardly amused at masculine stupidity. "Nor would he see the meaning conveyed in a look or word by Hans Christian Andersen."

Womanlike she was able to talk quite connectedly about the weather, about Hans Christian's life in the Capital, and about her own life in the country, while her mind came to swift and intuitive conclusions regarding the young man who chatted with her.

"Her eyes are deep blue—no, they are brown." Hans Christian's covert glances over his coffee cup were shy but searching. "Does she blush like that always, I wonder, or is it because she is talking to a stranger?"

For all they were absorbed in a discovery of each other, they could go through the motions of eating, they could think of trivial things to say. Then Riborg took Hans Christian out into the garden, and there the flowers they both loved unlocked another door of common interest and sympathy. When the rest of her family came out to give him a friendly welcome, it seemed to Hans Christian they were all strangers except Riborg.

They were not alone again that day. A picnic, and boating on the water, had been planned to entertain the young poet from Copenhagen, but Hans Christian was never far from the only voice he wanted to hear or from the glance of Riborg's eyes. He composed a little poem as they walked through the woods, and when he recited it he looked only at Riborg's averted face. She wove him a wreath of oak leaves and everyone applauded the poem.

Riborg's presence went with him that night as he walked back to the inn where he had engaged a room. Her voice, her laugh, the hundred fleeting expressions he had noted, the touch of her hand when she bade him good night. If she had captivated him, reason argued she must have fascinated others. Young men who were handsome and more eligible than himself must certainly have approached her father before this. Hans Christian was tormented by the necessity to know.

He spoke of the matter casually to the chambermaid who was preparing his room for the night. "The Voigt family have charming daughters. I suppose they are engaged to young men in the neighborhood."

"None of them but Riborg," answered the maid, "and her engagement is only an understanding between herself and the son of the apothecary. Her father will not give his consent nor let them meet."

"She is unhappy then," murmured Hans Christian. "I would not have guessed it."

The maid shrugged her shoulders. "He is not good enough for Riborg. They have known each other since childhood. If her parents did not oppose them, the affair would die of its own accord. Parents are stupid."

Sleep did not come easily after that. Was Riborg's whole heart given to the son of the apothecary—or would she welcome release? Were the brown eyes hiding secret pain, and did they fill with tears when no one was there to see? The maid's story left him alternately disturbed and reassured.

Hans Christian had been invited to remain another day. There was to be more picnicking and outdoor fun. Gradually a feeling of elation grew in him and the shadow of the apothecary's son faded. He was happier and gayer than he had ever been in his life because Riborg's laugh rang so easily and often. That night there was a dance. Since an earlier unhappy experience at a ball, Hans Christian had not thought to dance nor was he ever to try again. Riborg came shyly to sit beside him.

"I would much rather talk," she assured him. "There is so much you can tell me about books and your own writing."

Under the stimulus of her eager questioning he discovered within himself new convictions, new enthusiasms, and vivid ways to express them. Her eyes were a mirror in which he read delight and a childlike deference. If before, Hans Christian had been charmed by Riborg's grace, it was the quick response and clarity of her mind which drew him now. The room full of chatter and music faded out for them both, while they were conscious only of the happy surprise of finding each other.

They said good night in the moon-filled garden, and since it was also good-by, Riborg picked Hans Christian a nosegay. "Do not forget us, now

(Continued on page 43)



LEFT: A PAPER CUT-OUT MADE BY ANDERSEN TO AMUSE ONE OF THE MANY CHILDREN WHO ADORED HIM. BELOW: ANDERSEN AT SIXTY-FIVE WHEN FAME AND FORTUNE HAD CLAIMED HIM FOR THEIR OWN



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Adventure

IN TICKLER'S COVE

RIGHT: HEADLANDS RISE OUT OF THE SEA AND THE GREAT PIERCED ROCK LOOKS LIKE THE PROW OF A BATTLE SHIP WHEN SEEN FROM THIS POINT ALONG THE RUINED SHORE AT PERCÉ

BELOW: GANNETS ARE THE MOST CONSPICUOUS BIRDS ON THE ISLAND WITH THEIR GLEAMING WHITE BODIES AND BLACK-TIPPED WINGS WHICH HAVE A SPREAD OF MORE THAN SIX FEET



While photographing birds on Bonaventure Island, off the Gaspé, the author and her husband had a narrow escape and a thrilling glimpse of denizens of the deep

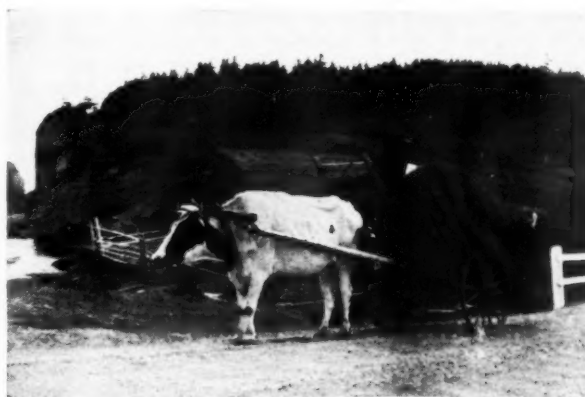
Photographs by ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK

By HELEN GERE CRUICKSHANK

TICKLER'S COVE is just a shallow dent in a sheer cliff, several hundred feet high, on the north side of Bonaventure Island. Yet right there in that shallow cove, so inconspicuous as scarcely to deserve a name of its own, we had one of our most exciting adventures while photographing birds, an activity that is almost synonymous with adventure.

My husband is a bird man and a bird photographer. I like to accompany him on his photographic expeditions and share in the interesting and often surprising experiences which he has. It doesn't matter whether it is in our own back yard, or in some queer place like Tickler's Cove where no one else ever dreams of going, as surely as we set out to make pictures of birds we find ourselves in the midst of unexpected and eventful happenings.

It takes a long time to reach Bonaventure Island from New York, and even longer to find a day calm enough to enter Tickler's Cove. The latter is so lacking in striking characteristics that most visitors sailing around the island quite overlook it, as they gaze in amazement at the spectacular gannet cliffs where over twenty thousand pairs of those great white birds nest. The gannets place their nests so close together on all the ledges, and there are so many of them, that from a distance they look like drifts of snow which the summer sun has failed to melt. Many as there are on the cliffs, multitudes of them wheel and circle overhead on black-tipped wings which measure six feet from tip to tip. When



TWO-WHEELED, OX-DRAWN CARTS ARE OFTEN SEEN ON THE GASPÉ

they dive for fish, the force of their plunge sends columns of water many feet into the air. The towering gannet cliffs, the continual movement among those great birds and the neat little murres and puffins which fly in front of the sight-seeing boats, are enough to distract almost anyone's attention from an insignificant place like Tickler's Cove.

Bonaventure Island lies off the southern tip of the Gaspé



THE IMMACULATE LITTLE FARMHOUSE WHERE THE CRUICKSHANKS STAY WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS ON BONAVENTURE ISLAND. THE FRONT YARD BEHIND THE FENCE IS FILLED WITH GAY, OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS



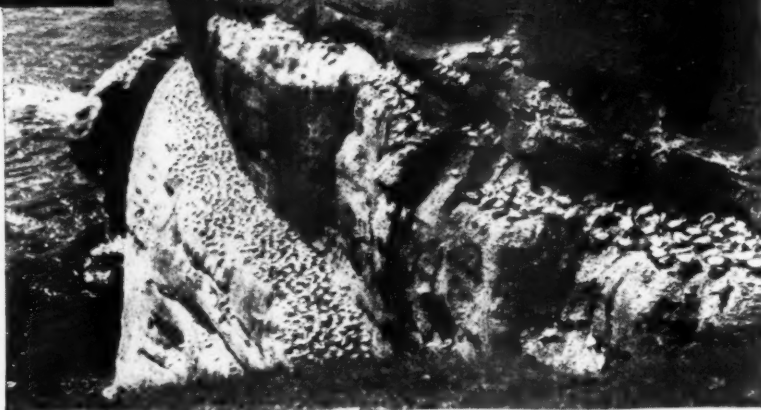
Peninsula. That is the long, narrow strip of land stretching out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Baie de Chaleur on the south and the St. Lawrence River on the north. It is our favorite birding area for Northern species. Not only is it rich in bird life, but we pass through what we consider the most beautiful country in eastern North America to reach it.

The whole Gaspé region is a spectacular series of ups and downs. The Shickshock Mountains rise right out of the waters that surround the peninsula and tumble in a succession of great folds from the St. Lawrence River to the Baie de Chaleur. Inland are dense, uninhabited forests. Practically the whole population lives in a narrow fringe along the shore, so in driving around the Gaspé one sees almost all the homes there.

Every mile of that precipitous north shore, where one's car pants and wheezes up the high hills in low or plunges down the steep grades with the brake pressed against the floor board, is so enchanting that we often wish we were artists instead of bird photographers. We stop frequently to explore the woods and to enjoy the vistas opening before us and to talk with the people, so it is impossible to drive more than a few miles each day. At times the road runs right along the shore where waves splash over it on windy days. Then a series of sharp rises and hairpin turns lifts us, in just a few miles, two thousand feet and more above the St. Lawrence, which glitters so far below that even the biggest fishing boats look like mere chips on the waves.

Most of the men of the Gaspé are engaged in fishing, as they have been for generations. Their tiny villages huddle in sheltered coves. Fish nets, draped about, hide many unsightly objects. Occasionally one may find rows of posts, with forked sticks for hooks, on which the nets are hung to dry. Great racks whose frames are covered with coarse wire netting hold the split, salted cod which is dried by the sun and wind. When it is dry, it is often piled so that, at a distance, it looks like big baskets. Usually the pile is small at the bottom but as additional layers of fish are piled on, tails out, it spreads out wider and wider until, when the pile is completed, it is nearly two yards across. The basket piles are protected with pieces of white birch bark which is laid on with the inner or orange side of the bark turned up, and then is weighted down with smooth stones from the pebbly beach.

Not only is everything connected with fishing interesting,



PART OF THE GREAT BONAVENTURE CLIFFS WHERE GANNETS NEST. ABOVE, RIGHT: CLOSE-UP OF AN ADULT GANNET WITH ITS SINGLE FLUFFY OFFSPRING

RIGHT: AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A YOUNG KITTIWAKE, A SPECIES OF SEA BIRD WHOSE ONLY CONTACT WITH LAND IS DURING THE NESTING SEASON



but plodding oxen pulling two-wheeled homemade wagons, dogs sedately trotting along with carts loaded with fish or groceries, and even the smiling women spinning home-dyed wool, all make us feel that we are in an entirely new world.

Outdoor ovens are used to bake the big loaves of bread needed to feed the large families. A fire is built right in the oven. That burns for a few hours. Then it is raked out and the walls retain enough heat to bake the bread.

The houses are usually small, and while most of them are weathered to a soft gray, some of them are painted gay colors, pink being a great favorite. Often the painted houses have a different color on each side. At first we thought the owners must have been too poor to buy enough paint for the whole house at one time, and that they were unable later to match the first color; but that they prefer many colors to one became evident when we saw tiny bird houses also painted with four colors.

On our first trip to Gaspé, we were anxious one day to mail some letters. Finally we saw a *Bureau de Poste* sign and I ran from the car, burst open the door—and found

myself in a kitchen with a surprised father, mother, three grandparents, and seven children seated at a table eating their noonday meal. I was quite as astonished as they were and much more embarrassed. But it really was the Post Office. After that, you may be sure I always knocked on the Bureau de Poste doors when I had letters to mail.

Exciting and strange is the wild north shore where the people speak only French, but it is at Percé that one finds a fitting climax to all that grand country. That small village, at the foot of a towering mountain, spreads over the tip of the southern arm of the peninsula. Great headlands rise straight out of the ocean. Rosy Peak, whose bare summit of red scaling rock reaches a height of seven hundred feet above the water, is the highest. It is a dizzy experience to stand on that peak and look down at the waves below. Moreover, the crumbling rock on which one stands does not give a feeling of security.

Just off shore, so close that one may wade out to it at low tide, lies the great forty-million ton Pierced Rock which offers a safe refuge for many nesting birds on its flat top. Many people have tried to scale its sheer sides, and finally after many were injured or killed in their fruitless attempts, the government forbade further assaults upon it. Now it is a bird sanctuary, needing no warden service to protect the nests. In the pieces of rock which continually crumble from its sides may be found quantities of fossils.

But even those high mountains with their steep trails, beckoning us to explore them, and the Pierced Rock itself with its fossils, could not keep us in Percé long. Offshore about three miles lies that bird-lover's paradise, Bonaventure

Island. Slow as our progress had been until we reached Percé, once we were within sight of that island we were impatient to reach it and to stay there as long as time would permit.

As there are many sight-seeing boats gathered along the Percé shore, it was easy to find one to take us and our equipment to Bonaventure. John Paget stood in his cove, waving to us as the boat neared the shore. Then he pushed his little wharf, built on runners, into the water next to our boat. The runners made it possible to pull the wharf above the surf when it was not being used. The steep climb up the cliff bordering the cove, on a homemade ladder, made us very grateful to Mr. Paget for having brought his horse and two-wheeled cart to the top of the cliff. Into the cart we piled our heavy cameras and other equipment and the horse pulled it to the near-by farmhouse.

We like Mr. Paget and his mother, their shinningly immaculate little house, and the profusion of old-fashioned blooms enclosed by a fence in their front yard. Whenever we arrive at the island, we feel at home. We are no longer travelers, but have reached a place where we settle down to work in the most magnificent surroundings.

The gannets are by far the most conspicuous birds on Bonaventure, but Allan is never content to photograph them alone. One time when we were there he was especially anxious to photograph the kittiwakes. And they nested in Tickler's Cove.

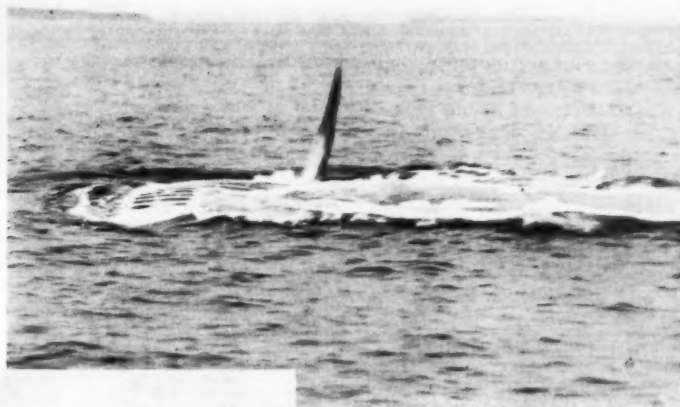
Kittiwakes are small gulls whose only contact with land is during the nesting season.

(Continued on page 30)

RIGHT: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF ACTION IN A SPLIT SECOND AS A GANNET IN FLIGHT PUTS ON THE BRAKES! NOTE THE JOINTS IN THE BIRD'S WINGS AND HOW IT FANS OUT ITS TAIL FEATHERS



BELOW: "I STARTED TAKING PICTURES JUST AS THE MONSTER PLAYFULLY FLOPPED OVER ON ITS SIDE AND ROLLED SO THE LONG STRAIGHT RIDGES ON ITS PALE-WHITISH UNDERSIDES WERE PLAINLY VISIBLE"



LEFT: THE TWO WHALES, SIDE BY SIDE, MOVED OFF TOWARD THE EAST

FROM ROSY PEAK, WHOSE BARE SUMMIT OF RED SCALING ROCK REACHES A HEIGHT OF SEVEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE WATER, ONE MAY LOOK PAST THE GREAT PIERCED ROCK TO BONAVENTURE ISLAND, LYING LIKE A GIANT WHALE ON THE DISTANT HORIZON





AN ENGRAVING FROM GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF NELLY CUSTIS

WASHINGTON'S HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY

By ELOISE LOWNSBERY

The General's adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, chose his birthday for her wedding to Lawrence Lewis, his favorite nephew

IT WAS a slip of a girl named Nelly Custis who made General Washington's last birthday a happy one—perhaps the happiest of his entire life.

On that twenty-second of February, in the year 1799, he had no wish to be invited away from Mount Vernon, to be feted and dined by the best citizens, to review the militia, or be honored at a grand ball. No, he wanted nothing so much as to stay home and attend Nelly's wedding.

He had an important part to play in that wedding—he must give the bride away. When the Reverend Mr. Davis should ask, "Who giveth this woman," Washington must reply, "I do."

For the bride was his own adopted daughter, his wife's granddaughter—and the groom was his own nephew, the ninth child of his only sister, Betty Lewis. And although he was fond of a host of nephews and nieces, he was especially fond of these two young people who would unite the two families, his own and his wife's.

Washington was not given either to superlatives or to extra adjectives. So his entry in his diary for this day is a masterpiece of brevity:

"Feb. twenty-second. Morning raining. Mer. at thirty. Wind a little more to the Northward. Afterwards very strong from the No.W't. and turning clear and cold. The Revd. Mr. Davis and Mr. Geo. Calvert came to dinner and Miss Custis was married abt. candle light to Mr. Lawr. Lewis."

As scantily as that. But not so aloof was he from the pleasant bustle of preparations that had gone on for many days, for the General kept all the household accounts and he did most of the household shopping.

Did he himself buy the material for the wedding gown? Though there is no specific mention of it, Washington did go shopping, the previous December, while on a two-weeks' trip to Philadelphia. Among the items listed in his account books for December, 1798, we find:

"For Miss Custis's Books, Paints & Music 25.00

"Mrs. Washington's gloves and muslin 66.11"

Now surely, included in this item "muslin" must have been the material for the wedding gown: white silk, white net, white ribbon. A previous entry for 1798 had included a pair of slippers "by Mrs. Washington for Miss Custis.....16." (Sometimes the sums mean dollars, sometimes English pounds.) And a month before the wedding date, Washington notes, "By sundries paid for Miss Custis.....12."

Perhaps he bought these in Alexandria, their near-

est town, ten miles away; or perhaps in the new Federal City, eighteen miles from Mount Vernon.

It may well have happened that the young groom-to-be was also pressed into service as a family shopper. At any rate, there is an entry in February, 1799, for a sum paid to Mr. Lawrence Lewis for sundries including, "A bill for Miss Custis..... 1.1.0", as well as two pairs of shoes for the same sum. This time the exchange is clearly in English pounds sterling.

Of course, the warm homespun and the linsey-woolsey for the bridal trousseau would be (Continued on page 36)



THE BRIDE DESCENDED THE BROAD STAIRS, A VISION OF LOVELINESS. FROM A PAINTING OF THE MARRIAGE OF NELLY CUSTIS BY H. A. OGDEN



ALICE'S TEAR-STAINED FACE BRIGHTENED AT THE CLEAR, SHARP NOTES. SHE BEGAN TO SING THE BELOVED SONG

"ALL BELLS IN PARADISE"

*Another story about the King's flutes
—this one set in the days of Oliver
Cromwell and the Barebones Parlia-
ment—the third in a series of
tales about famous English songs by*

MARGARET WIDDEMER

Illustrated by ELINORE BLAISDELL

THE tired boy in the lace-collared, torn, blue satin doublet and breeches raised himself from the heavy wooden bench he had been bending over. He was thin and pale, with the mark of a blow on his cheek. Tangled yellow lovelocks fell back from his shoulders as he raised his head to speak to a little girl, very like him, who crouched over a small brass holder of lighted coals.

"I don't believe I'm doing a bit better, Alice," he said wearily. He dropped the thick leather glove he had been trying to sew together.

"You shouldn't have to be doing it at all," his sister sighed.

The two children were alone in a bare, chilly room that smelled of leather; except for the brazier of coals, a couple of stools, and a long settle, the room was bare. There was a sheepskin on the floor, and dingy London snow lay on the window sills.

The little girl went on, crouching closer to the warmth, "Oh, Tom, come sit down by me! I'm so lonely and scared. And it's nigh Christmas, when we always had such happy times. What would My Lord say to see you sewing gloves like a tradesman?"

Her brother came over and sat down by her on the sheepskin. "Our father would say that honest work never made anyone the worse," he said stoutly.

But Alice, who was only ten, began to cry, drying her blue eyes on the long skirt of her shabby satin gown. "Oh, I want to go home to Northumberland! I want to go to Ludlow Castle. I want to be warm by the big hall fire, and have

the Christmas mummers come trooping in, and hear them sing *All Bells in Paradise*. I want to be with Father and Mother, and hear them sing the songs from the masque they acted in when Father and Aunt Alice were our age."

Tom huddled down beside her. He was almost crying, too, but he held on to himself. "I remember. The one Master Lawes, their music master, wrote tunes for. I wish so, too,

Alice. But nobody's in Ludlow Castle now, anyway. My Lord Bridgewater is away fighting, and our mother is—" he faltered—"must be here in London."

"Oh, I want to be with Father and Mother!" Alice went on sobbing.

"Hush! Oh, hush, Sister! Master Barebones will hear you and come back. You know he said that next time either of us cried he would beat you as well as me."

Alice shivered. "I'll try to stop. But I can't think of anything but crying things."

Tom spoke resolutely. "We'll sing, then, ourselves. We can remember a lot of the Christmas music."

"I—I can't sing. I've cried so much."

"We'll play, then."

"What on?" Alice raised her pretty, tear-wet face. "Master Barebones says musical instruments are of the devil."

"He says everything's of the devil, except making leather things and practicing speeches he's going to yell in Parliament, and singing psalms through his nose," Tom said. "But, just the same, he owns a set of flutes—I heard the apprentice say so. He said, 'What be ye going to do with them recorders, Master?'"

"Oh—recorders! The way we always played at Christmas. Where do you suppose they are? Would he let us have them?"

Tom did not answer that. He got up and opened the doors of a wooden cupboard in the wall.

"I think they'd be here," he said. "It's the only room with a lock on the cupboard."

He and Alice peered inside, among the heaps of leather scraps and ragged pamphlets. Suddenly Tom cried out, snatching a velvet case from under a half-made leather apron, "Alice! I believe they're the ones from our own house in London."

"Oh, that evil man that feigns to be so godly! He's stolen them."

"He stole them when the rabble looted the mansion, while Mother was walking abroad and Father with the army," Tom said. "But I know not why you are surprised, Sister. He stole us, too."

"He could say we were prisoners because we were on the King's side," said little Alice. "But silver flutes can't be on any side."

"These can," Tom said. He opened the case. "Yes, they're the ones My Lord was keeping."

The two yellow heads bent over the open case. There lay the four trumpet-mouthed silver flutes in a row, treble, counter, tenor, and bass.

"Tis the recorders that Master Lawes had from King Charles, the ones that belonged to the great Queen Elizabeth,

and her father before her," went on Tom, with excitement.

"Aye, there's the Tudor rose!" Alice's finger touched the stiff, engraved four-leafed rose on the nearest flute. "Remember how Father told us about them—that King Charles gave them to Master Lawes for remembrance, because they had had music lessons together when they were children?"

"Aye!" Tom lifted the treble recorder from its place.

"Dare we play?" Alice whispered.

"I think so. The door is thick, and Master Barebones said, all swelled with pride, that he was waiting for a visit from mighty great folk this afternoon. He'll not stir from the keeping room, for once."

Alice's sad little tear-stained face brightened at the clear, sharp notes. She began to sing to them:

"Over yonder's a park which is newly begun,

"All bells in Paradise, I heard them ring,

"Which is silver on the outside and golden within,

"And I love my lord Jesus above everything."

She stopped. "I can't sing that, Tom, it makes me want to cry again. Play something else—something newer."

"I'll play one of Master Lawes's tunes. Do you remember *Christ's Nativity?*"

Alice nodded, and Tom began a graceful tune which Alice followed:

"It was the winter wild,

"While the Heaven-born Child

"All meanly wrappt in the rude manger lies;

"Nature in awe to Him—"

She stopped with a terrified scream as a rough hand slapped her in the face. "Blasphemous wench!" roared Master Barebones. He had opened the door silently and tiptoed in to catch them at their music. Now he stood above the frightened little girl, tall and rawboned and crop-headed, his worsted stockings down at heel and his linen collar dirty and crumpled above his leather doublet.

Tom threw his arms round Alice, trying to protect her. "'Twas my doing, sir. I persuaded her," he said manfully.

"And the good leather on the floor while ye play Popish tunes!" roared Master Barebones. "I'll give ye both leather now."

He caught Tom's head under his arm and held Alice fast, while he reached for a stout whip hanging behind the door. "Lying, prelatical spawn, keeping a heathen festival with heathen tunes and words! I'll take order with ye—"

The door, which had been ajar, was flung suddenly



wide. Two men stood there. The shorter, stockier one was in advance, and spoke first. He had a deep, grim voice with a little mockery in it. He was plainly dressed in a brown woolen doublet and breeches; his grizzled, curly hair hung to his shoulders round a strongly marked, dark face with a mole on one cheek.

"So, brother," he said, "this was the important business for which you excused yourself, just as I was giving you the Council's plain words! What crime has this babe done—paid tithes, or helped hide a bishop in yon cupboard?"

"Praise-God" Barebones's lantern-jawed, sallow face paled in terror. He let the children go and actually tried to pull his forelock. "I—I was but correcting a pair of suckling Royalists, General, for singing heathen words and music."

The other man came farther into the room. He was taller and more slender than the General. He had a grave, clear-cut, handsome face and long fair curls as beautiful as Alice's. An inkhorn swung from the sash of his black velvet dress. "Oliver—" he began.

"Aye, John, what is it?"

"I would fain know," said John, smiling a little in spite of his stern glance at Barebones, "what standing I, the Council's Secretary, may have if this child, scarce my own Deborah's age, is beaten for singing my own *Ode to Christ's Nativity*?"

"'Twas sung to heathen music," Barebones said sullenly. "And 'twas played on a heathen flute, or shawm, that the Godly, led by myself, took from a London palace of sinful luxury to melt down for the Cause."

Alice ran forward and clutched the General's hand. "Oh, General! Oh, Master Secretary!" she gasped. "Let him not do

From a "Hymn on Christ's Nativity"

BY JOHN MILTON

(Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth, 1649-1660)

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrappt in the rude manger lies:
Nature, in awe to Him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim
With her great Master so to sympathize . . .

The Shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row.
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below . . .

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest teemed star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

TWO MEN STOOD IN THE DOOR WHICH
HAD BEEN SUDDENLY FLUNG WIDE



it. The flutes are none of ours. Master Henry Lawes, that was our father's music master, left them with our father for safe-keeping."

Before the General could speak, the Secretary turned furiously on Barebones. His handsome face blackened, and he spoke with a voice more violent than the other's. "Master Lawes's flutes?" he said. He caught Alice up in his arms and held her fast. "My own Harry Lawes's silver flutes that belonged to great King Harry? You dog, melt down your own ill-smelling tannery sooner!"

"Softly, John Milton," said the General. "I haven't seen you in such a fury in ten years."

"If I were calm, Oliver Cromwell, I would be the most ungrateful hound on earth," Milton cried, while Tom quietly put the silver treble back into the case with the other flutes. "When I was a poor young lad, struggling for a hearing, kind Harry Lawes—the greatest (Continued on page 50)



NSAMBYA GIRL GUIDES WHOSE SMART APPEARANCE IN THEIR UNIFORMS IMPRESSED HIS EXCELLENCY, THE BRITISH GOVERNOR, DURING THE "MARCH-PAST" AT THE CORONATION CEREMONIES FOR GEORGE VI

AN INTRODUCTION

Did you ever hear of a magic carpet that works in reverse? It's a postage stamp. Sure enough.

The postage stamps that brought these letters to one of our National Staff take all of us visiting in far-off Uganda, British East Africa. And there we find that the native girls are just as interested in Scouting, or rather Guiding—it's a British colony, remember—as many of us here in America.

Mother Anna, a Franciscan nun who writes the letters, was a Girl Scout leader in Baltimore sixteen years ago, working with the National Staff member to whom she now writes. She was then beginning her training for the work of a missionary, the work which took her to Africa, probably for all her life.

"We don't have sabbatical leaves," she writes in one letter. "We're out for life unless we get bitten too many times by the female Anopheles and need cooler climes in which to recuperate, or unless we are sent on a money-raising tour, so I don't think you'll see me soon. If it ever happens that I do return to the States, we shall both probably be gray-haired old women—unless Elizabeth Arden has kept you up to the mark."

Many of us will remember the story, *The Legend of the Flame Tree*, written by Mother Anna from one of the legends of Uganda and published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in February, 1940. Those who read it will enjoy these letters the more.

The first letter tells of Mother Anna's journey from Baltimore to Uganda. Barely had she arrived there, when she realized that the native girls would learn much from Scouting, or Guiding, and take great pleasure in it, too. Twelve girls, two of them African princesses, daughters of the King of Uganda, formed the first troop. They were all students at a missionary school to which many of the girls of Uganda go for training before they marry. The young men to whom most of them are betrothed are educated and often hold government positions. They want their wives to be able to keep house and entertain in the European manner, and in much of this training Mother Anna finds the Second and First Class tests, and then the work for proficiency badges, very helpful indeed. Odd, isn't it, to think of black-skinned girls, some of whom may still wear the dress, or *saku*, of bark-cloth, working at the same Scouting tasks which keep you occupied?

These girls of Uganda excel at knot-tying and

GIRL GUIDING



TOP: MOTHER ANNA IN WHITE HABIT AND SUN HELMET, LIKE A HALO WITH SUNLIGHT ON ITS RIM, TAKEN IN ENGLAND AT HOLME HALL. BELOW: MOTHER ANNA WITH A GANDA BABY OF LEPPER PARENTAGE

trail-making. And for Morse Code they have made use of their tribal drumbeats. Beating drums is a native telegraph system in central Africa, and their drums have a language all their own.

They have their own point of view on Guiding out there, and material sent from here must often be adapted. You will enjoy reading about the Uganda production of *Hiauwatha*, for example. Mother Anna was quick to see that American Indian lore was something the Uganda natives could understand. Their costumes and tepees of bark-cloth, for example, looked like red deerskin. The hair of the Indians was a problem, for the people of Uganda wear their hair cropped close to their heads. Mother Anna's imagination went to work, and lo—the Indian braids were made of black raffia!

But read on for yourself, and just try to stop reading! The word-pictures are so vivid you'll probably blink when you come to the end of the letters and find yourself back home from your magic-carpet journey. And remember, as you read, to consult your atlas and find out just where Uganda is in Africa. Then you will see in how perilous a situation are Mother Anna and her Guides, in the fast developing hostilities and rapidly widening arenas of the present war.

Mabel Shannon,
Girl Scout National Staff

THE LETTERS

*Convent of Our Lady of Peace,
Nkokonjeru, October 14, 1934*

This letter will probably come as a surprise to you. Here I am in the wilds of Africa, the land of my dreams as you may remember. I'm simply in love



"I TOOK A PICTURE OF A NATIVE DANCE LED BY A STRANGE-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL DRESSED ABOVE THE WAIST MOSTLY IN WHITE BEADS . . . ALL THE PERFORMERS HAD STICKS WHICH WENT UP AND DOWN REGULARLY AS THEY DANCED"

IN UGANDA

*As told in excerpts from letters written by
MOTHER M. ANNA, O.S.F. to a
member of the Girl Scout National Staff*



LANDSCAPE IN UGANDA—FROM A DRAWING BY MOTHER ANNA



A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM UGANDA. JAKOBO AND PETER KIZITO, TWO OF MOTHER ANNA'S CHARGES, ARE HAVING A GREAT TIME BEATING THE NGOMA (AFRICAN DRUM)



A KENYA WOMAN WITH HER EARS MUTILATED TO ACCOMMODATE HER HEAVY ORNAMENTS. HER MISSING FRONT TOOTH, EXTRACTED PURPOSELY, IS A SIGN OF BEAUTY

with the place, although I've been here only two months.

We left America on June seventeenth—"we" meaning my mother, who came to England with me, and another Sister from Norfolk. We spent three weeks in England, at our African novitiate house in Yorkshire, and at our mother-house, St. Mary's Abbey, near London where my mother left me. Our trip out to Uganda was thoroughly delightful, and I wish I could take time to tell the thrills we had as we saw all the strange sights at the Eastern ports, and our experience of a sandstorm in the Red Sea and a monsoon on our way down the Indian Ocean. But I must get down to business—Scouting again, my dear. I knew I couldn't stay out of it for long, and it appears that, out here, the Girl Guides are going strong, so naturally we want to get ours going as well. We have one troop already at our Nsambya Mission, but Mother Kevin wants me to start one at Nkokonjeru with our girls.

Could you send me any Girl Scout literature you can lay your hands on? Guides are slightly different, of course, but ideas are ideas wherever you get them, and I know I could use some of our U.S.A. pamphlets to advantage. Remember I'm terribly rusty on all my Scout work so anything will be welcome, and it will be a real help to the mission. Old copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will be greatly appreciated, too.

January 2, 1935

I was delighted to get such a long letter from you. It brought back memories of our Scouting days together. I'm ever so grateful for the registration record; and the pamphlets, *AMERICAN GIRL*, etc., will be invaluable. A card for my subscription to the "Council Fire" came a few days ago. That was *you*, of course, and it was lovely of you. I've been out of Girl Scouting so long I feel green about it, but I'll get back soon, I know.

Recently I went to visit our leper colony on the shores of Lake Victoria. Conditions are very primitive there as yet, and the Sisters are living in a mud-and-wattle convent, with a grass roof. Real camp life, and the hippos come up at night and root up their vegetable garden. We went out in a motor boat on the lake, looking for hippos, past lovely inlets where the feathery papyrus grows along the banks, and crested cranes look for their dinner in the water weeds. Finally we heard terrific splashes ahead, and there were three or four great black shapes, swimming out from shore. It was thrilling, particularly as several years ago, in that very spot, two priests lost their lives when hippos overturned their small boat.

I'm enclosing a picture of me in our white habit, showing the sun helmet we have to wear all day on account of the very direct rays of the sun. Remember, we're only about ten or twelve miles from the equator. The picture was taken in England, at Holme Hall, our African novitiate house in Yorkshire.

November 22, 1935

I can't tell you how very much I appreciate your care in looking up the Indian dances. They are lovely, and everything else you sent with them. I'm more than grateful—the plans for the making of the tepee are just what we are going to need.

Yes, it does seem strange for us to be doing *Hiawatha* out here, but the point is that the play which one selects must suit both the complexion of the Africans and their whole make-up. Oriental things, African, Indian, (either Red Indian or Asiatic Indian) are suitable, and they look splendid in any of these costumes. The Baganda wear their hair very short, cropped close to the head—as you can see by the pictures I sent—so the long hair of the Indian maids will be made of black raffia, plaited, made from the raffia palms in our forest. Our tepee will be made of bark-cloth, a rich, reddish-brown which resembles deerskin. We have gourds,

with stones rattling inside, and goat-skin drums for the Indian dances, and we're using hyrax skins and calfskins on the ground.

Last week I was on safari, up in the Eastern Province, visiting leper camps, hospitals, mission schools, etc. The people there wear very little clothing, a matter of a wisp of elephant grass or a few banana leaves. It is a wild part of Uganda and we saw strange sights.

I took a picture of a native dance led by a strange-looking individual dressed above the waist mostly in white beads, and with one leg wrapped in sacking and strings of bells which tinkled, tinkled as he went through his weird steps. All the performers had sticks which went up and down regularly as they danced. The leader had a curved stick, like a snake, and as they all went around and around they chanted the strangest kind of song. When we passed them again, three hours later, they were still dancing, and the people say that sometimes a dance lasts two weeks in that part of the country. The dancers get quite wild before it's over, and there is apt to be a murder, too—anyone at all, so long as someone is killed.

At one of our missions we had a lovely view of Mount Elgon, an extinct volcano, 13,870 feet high. Through this mountain passes the boundary of Kenya and Uganda. The country around is fairly flat, with high elephant grass, tropical trees here and there, and huge, gray rocks in fantastic piles all over the savannah. Naturally the place is full of snakes, and the other night one of our Sisters nearly stepped on a fourteen-foot



THREE GUIDES CLIMB AN ANT HILL BUILT TO REMARKABLE HEIGHT BY THOSE INDEFATIGABLE INSECTS. BELOW: THE THREE "R'S" IN UGANDA! TWO BOYS WAIT THEIR TURN AT THE DESK WHILE THE THIRD LABORIOUSLY WRITES OUT HIS LESSON



A SISTER WITH TWO PROSPECTIVE BROWNIES IN HER ARMS. BELLING THE ANKLES OF BABIES IS AN OLD BAGANDA CUSTOM FOR THE NATIVES BELIEVE THE BELLS' TINKLING INSPIRES THE BABIES TO TAKE THEIR FIRST TODDLING STEPS. RIGHT: HAVE SOME? THIS LITTLE BOY OFFERS A BUNCH OF MANGOES, HIS FAVORITE FRUIT, TO MOTHER ANNA AS SHE PHOTOGRAPHS HIM



python crossing the road. The natives killed it afterwards.

You'll be interested in our leper mission on the shores of Lake Victoria. It is just starting, but it is something new in the way of leper camps, with its own village—little huts where leper families can live, cultivate their own plot of ground, and have as far as possible a normal, happy life, coming each day to the hospital in the middle of the compound for treatment. Babies, newborn, are separated from their leper parents, for it is only in that way that they will be spared from the terrible disease. You should hear these lepers sing. It's wonderful, and makes one ashamed that one ever grumbles about anything.

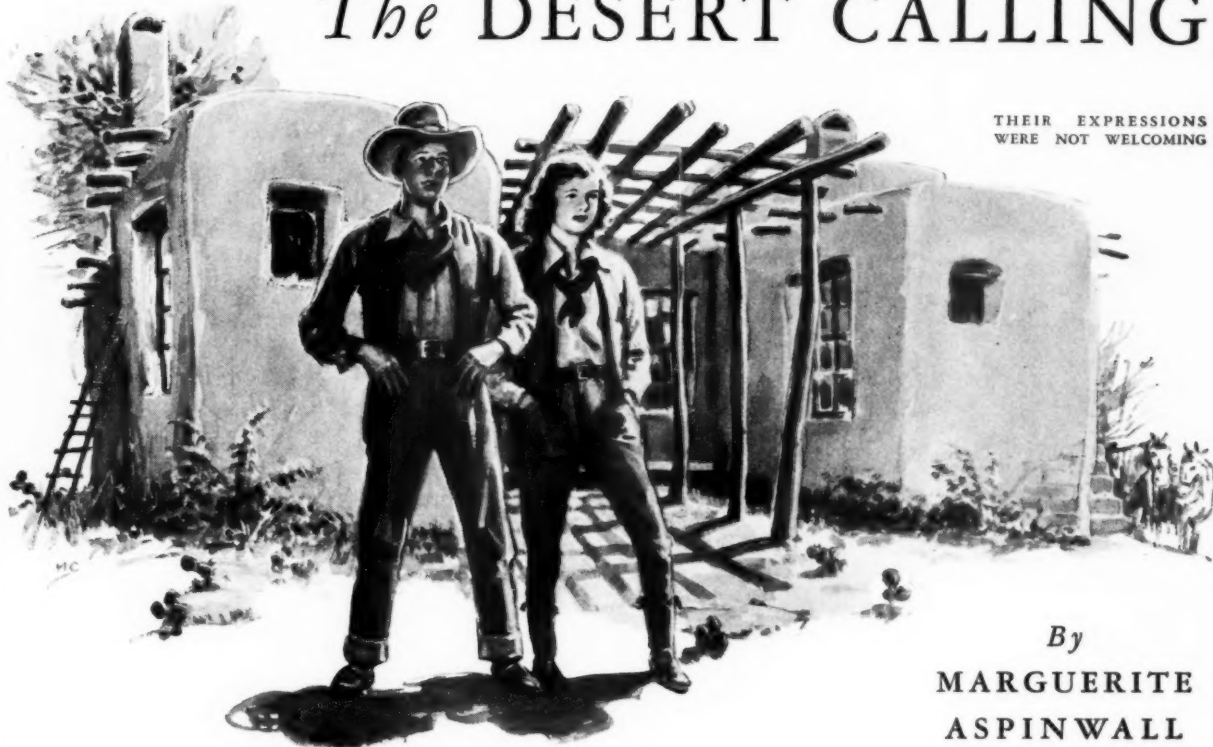
September 1, 1936

By this time I suppose my other letters have reached you, though I have complaints from several quarters that my letters haven't arrived. "Njude!" as the natives say, "I am dead!" when I think of my wordy epistles going astray.

Our *Hiawatha* was such a stupendous success (you should have seen our Sun Dance which you sent, with costumes of bark-cloth looking just like red deerskin) that I'm coming back to you again for help. This year we plan a Hawaiian play. Our girls will look lovely in bushy skirts of colored raffia—and blossoms are plentiful, and one can construct the most gorgeous woodland or forest scenery with the tons of palms and gigantic ferns and creepers that abound everywhere. What a fortune they would cost at home!

Now the thing is—a suitable play. Most Hawaiian plays—the mere mention of them—make me think of wildly syncopated music and swishing maidens at Waikiki, and strumming ukes. Well, I want some Hawaiian music—we could change the words if they are too, too much—and, if possible, some Hawaiian dances. But I can make them up if you can't find any. Above all, I'd like some Hawaiian legends, if there are any, something that could be converted into a play. (Continued on page 38)

The DESERT CALLING



THEIR EXPRESSIONS
WERE NOT WELCOMING

By

MARGUERITE
ASPINWALL

The Story So Far

Pamela, motherless daughter of Charles Strong, famous explorer-writer, has lived all her life with her grandmother in a gloomy old Chicago mansion. At her grandmother's death, her father (whom she has not seen for eleven years) comes home from Java, wiring her beforehand that he has some surprises for her. Pam does not remember her father, but finds him a most attractive person. The surprises are startling: first, a brand-new stepmother, Judy, a former medical missionary in Java; then Judy's brother, Tim Garwyn, a sulky boy Pam's own age; and last but not least, a present for her sixteenth birthday. This proves to be an adobe house in Arizona, where the family plan to camp out for the spring months while Charles Strong is writing his book. The idea of buying the house, Pam's father explains, came to him on the voyage, when he met the owner, an artist named McHenry—a sick man who was coming home to America to die, and wished to dispose of his property. As soon as Pam and Judy can get the proper clothes bought and packed, the family leave Chicago, in a blizzard, for Tucson—and their new home in the desert.

PART TWO

THE stars were still shining when they stepped off the train at the Tucson station. Startlingly big, bright stars judged by any Pam had ever known. The sky itself was velvet black, but, off toward the east, the first, faint indication of the coming dawn glimmered like a bed of daffodils reflected in a pool. The air felt keen and cold, but it held none of the icy dampness of the morning they had left Chicago.

"I'm here—I'm actually on the desert at last!" Pam thought. She tugged at Charles's arm. "Where are we going?" she burst out eagerly. "It's funny, but I never once thought to

Arizona at last! A mystifying encounter with a boy and a girl, and an exciting clue to a lost gold mine, are Pam's introduction to her new home in the desert

ask where we'd live while we were getting my house ready."

"Oh, I wired for reservations at a hotel the travel people told me about," Charles said. "It's outside the city itself—about eight miles, I believe. Right on the desert. I thought we'd like that." He broke off to say to a porter in uniform who was picking up their bags, "You have a car here?"

"Yes, sir, this way," the man said, and the four travelers followed him.

Tucson was still asleep as they rolled through the town, except for an occasional early bird like themselves abroad on necessary business. Then they left the city streets behind them and sped north along a straight, wide boulevard. Dawn was still too far away to show Pam any details of the country they were passing through, and she settled back, relaxed, to wait.

Abruptly the car swerved to the right, entering a driveway. Just ahead she could make out the long, dark oblong of a low building which must be their hotel, and the car stopped under a porte-cochere.

They trailed into the big, dim lobby. There was a drowsy clerk at the desk, who nevertheless greeted them cordially, and presently Pam found herself alone in a square bedroom, furnished in gay chintz and early American maple, and with enormous windows on two sides.



"THERE ARE INITIALS ON IT," PAM OBSERVED, TRACING SOME RUDE CARVINGS WITH HER FINGER TIP

When her eager hand parted the draperies, she was startled to find that in the short time since their arrival at the hotel, the first lovely newness of the day had spread over the strange world that lay beyond the window. Just below was a great bed of African daisies, varying in intensity of hue from pale yellow to the warm orange of ripe California fruit. Beyond lay the desert—pinkish sand studded with low, green-gray shrubs, and taller, weirdly arresting cactus growths. At the end of the panorama, like a painted back-drop on some gigantic stage, lay a range of bare, brown mountains, whose summits, forming pinnacles and castles of rocky crags, were touched with bands of sunrise pink.

Instantly Pam knew that all this beauty called for exploration. Let Judy, Charles, and Tim sleep away these first hours in Arizona if that pleased them, but Pam herself was going forth to make friends with the desert.

The lobby was empty, except for the friendly clerk at the desk. Pam said good morning, and hurried across to a door, already open to the morning outside. As she stepped over the sill on to a flagged walk, she found that the sun was really

up now, and the desert was revealed in the full light of day.

There was something strange and heady in the air that made her feet want to step out briskly. She felt oddly light and yet bursting with energy. Following the walk to a break in the hedge of cactus that bordered this portion of the garden, she found herself outside the hotel grounds, and actually standing on the desert.

A sandy path led from the opening in the hedge straight toward the brown mountains she had seen from her window. The mountains themselves looked so near, she felt sure she could walk there and back before the family were awake for breakfast. For a moment she hesitated, and then the temptation to push her explorations farther was too strong.

Suddenly she paused, for a man in khaki shirt and overalls came around a thick cactus clump, crossing the path ahead of her. He was a tall, stooped man, with a swarthy face that had something of an Indian cast. As he turned to glance at her in passing, she noticed that his expression was kindly and a little curious.

On an impulse—because the day demanded friendliness to



Illustrated by MONTE CREWS

everything and everyone abroad at that hour—she called, "Good-morning!"

"Morneen, Senorita," the man said, in a pleasant, husky voice. "You up early. I not theenk I see you before. Mebbe you be new to Hotel Del Sol?"

Pam nodded. "I just got here—not an hour ago. It's the most beautiful spot I've ever dreamed of. Those mountains—we don't have mountains like that at home. In fact," she confessed, "I don't believe I've ever really seen a mountain before, outside pictures."

The Mexican was pleased. "Those fine beeg mountains, no?" he demanded as proudly as if he were responsible for them. "Those the Catalinas, Senorita. Mountains all round thees desert. See—turn about, eef you please. Now look off there." He pointed to the south. "Those highest mountain—those Santa Ritas. Ten thousand feet beeg, that sharp peak you see, where that cloud leave view clear. Over to east, where the sun rise, those the Rincons. West, those the Tucsons."

Pam repeated the softly rolling words several times to get

them by heart, turning herself about to follow the old man's pointing finger.

"Now I'll remember," she told him, smiling. "That's my first lesson in desert geography." A thought struck her, and she went on eagerly, "Have you lived around here long?"

"Feefty year," he assured her. "I am assistant gardener here, Senorita—Carlos Reales at the Senorita's service."

"Then, Carlos," Pam said, her eagerness mounting, "maybe you know most of the people who've lived hereabouts. Not just in the city, I mean, but outside—all over the desert. Did you ever hear of an artist named McHenry, who had a little house somewhere near here, at the foot of one of those mountains?"

CARLOS considered gravely. "But *si*, Senorita, I remember. A tall, thin senor—not ver' strong, but he paint pictures of desert. I work for him one time, ten—twelve—year ago before thees hotel be built. He got nize li'l dobe house over in Tucson mountains, up in canyon near stream. Plenty good water, plenty shade up there. That canyon—" his black eyes grew bright with recollection—"once suppose' to be place of lost gold mine. One old prospector, name Hawkins, he bring back two—three—beeg nugget and never say where he find them. Some other people follow him, many time. Track him in that canyon. But later he go away, and never no more word of those gold nugget. Maybe vein there, maybe not. All that before I come here."

"Why, that's—that's marvelous," Pam burst out. "My father bought that old dobe house of Mr. McHenry's, and gave it to me. We're going out there to live this spring."

Someone whistled behind her, and she turned quickly. Charles was striding down the sandy path toward her, the morning breeze ruffling his hair, his arms swinging vigorously.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming out?" he asked her. "You surely didn't think I'd waste a morning like this indoors? In new country, too. I thought we'd have an early breakfast, and then make some inquiries about getting out to the shack."

"Beat you to it," Pam laughed. "It's in a canyon somewhere in the Tucson mountains. Carlos, here, used to work for Mr. McHenry, and what's more, he knows a perfectly thrilling story about that canyon." She gestured to the west and, in an excited rush of words, repeated for Charles's benefit the legend of the old prospector Hawkins and his golden nuggets.

"Quite a yarn," Charles commented. "We'll have to look into it one of these days, after we're settled. But there are lots of tales about most places out here on the desert, I imagine, so it won't pay to take it too seriously, Pam." He went on amiably, directing a smile at the attentively listening Carlos, "Look here, I'm thinking it might be a good idea to hire a car this morning, and take you with us as guide, Carlos. We'll have to see the house as soon as possible, in order to know what state it's in, and what sort of repairs and furnishings we're going to need. Could you get off for a few hours?"

The Mexican's face registered his approval of the plan. "You order car at hotel desk, Senor, I fix all rest of it," he announced with assurance. "I go with you—but *si*, *si*, Senor, Senorita. That can be arrange ver' queeck."

And so it was settled. Judy reported that Tim was miserable with one of his old headaches and refused to be coaxed out of a darkened room, but the others were eager to be off.

"Pam, darling, you'll have to make allowances for that brother of mine, for a while anyhow," Judy said to her stepdaughter, as they went in to breakfast. "He hated leaving Java. It was, as Charles says, no (Continued on page 32)

When An

as the

South



SOUTH AMERICAN ARRIVALS FROM ARGENTINA, BRITISH GUIANA, AND BRAZIL. ANNA MARIA CALMON, FAR RIGHT, BACK ROW, WAS BRAZIL'S JULIETTE LOW REPRESENTATIVE AT THE INTERNATIONAL ENCAMPMENT AT OUR CHALET IN SWITZERLAND IN 1939



UPPER LEFT: A GROUP OF NORTH AMERICAN SCOUTS ENJOY THE MUSIC OF MARIA JULIETA VILLAS BOAS FROM BAHIA, BRAZIL. THE GIRL AT FAR RIGHT IS PHYLLIS PRITCHARD FROM CANADA



CENTER, LEFT: FOUR PAN-AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE ENCAMPMENT AT CAMP ANDREE CLARK, PLEASANTVILLE, NEW YORK. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: CANDIDA MARIA DE SILVEIRA OF BAHIA, BRAZIL; MARIA NATALIA IGLESIAS OF MEXICO; LAURA TAPIA OF PANAMA, AND GLADYS DOUGALL OF BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA



LEFT: INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION AT MEALTIME WAS DEMONSTRATED WHEN D. OLGA THISTLE OF NEW-FOUNDLAND SERVED A U.S. CAMPER HER BREAKFAST



Americans GET TOGETHER~

...s the ...id at the Western Hemisphere Encampment at Andree last August—girls from North and South America find that they have much in common and that Girl Scouting cements friendships



MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IS INTERESTED IN THE LOVELY OFFICIAL DRESS OF THE PANAMA REPUBLIC, WORN BY ITS REPRESENTATIVE, LAURA TAPIA. SEATED AT THE FIRST LADY'S RIGHT IS MRS. ARTHUR O. CHOATE, CHAIRMAN OF THE JULIETTE LOW COMMITTEE; AT HER LEFT IS MRS. E. SWIFT NEWTON, THE CHAIRMAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE



MAVIS ALLICOCK OF BRITISH GUIANA EXAMINES THE LONG NEEDLES OF AN AMERICAN WHITE PINE WITH DOROTHY ANN OUTERBRIDGE WHO HAILS FROM THE BERMUDAS

LEFT: TWENTY-ONE OF THE TWENTY-TWO DELEGATES FROM OTHER AMERICAN COUNTRIES TO THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE ENCAMPMENT, WHERE THEY WERE ENTERTAINED BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE UNITED STATES. THE COUNTRIES REPRESENTED IN THE PICTURE ARE BRITISH GUIANA, MEXICO, TRINIDAD, GUATEMALA, BRAZIL, CUBA, BERMUDA, CURAÇAO, JAMAICA, PANAMA, CANAL ZONE, NEWFOUNDLAND, ARGENTINA, AND CANADA. TWELVE OF THESE GIRL SCOUT DELEGATES WERE SPANISH OR PORTUGUESE



LEFT: ELISA ASTURIAS VALENZUELA OF GUATEMALA LISTENS TO MARIA DE LOS ANGELES REYGADES OF MEXICO PLAY THE ACCORDION



SCOTTISH GIRL GUIDES RETURN FROM A LONG DAY ON THE MOORS, CARRYING BAGS OF SPHAGNUM MOSS THEY GATHERED FOR DRESSINGS



RIGHT: GUIDES AND RANGERS IN MANY PARTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES ARE ASSISTING IN CANTEENS FOR TROOPS

FOR some time before the European war actually broke out, the war clouds had been piling up, black and ominous, on the horizon. Great Britain and France began, rather late in the day, to make their own preparations for the clash which was bound to come. In these preparations the Girl Guides of Poland, France, and Britain took their fair share, thus carrying out the motto given them by their founder, Lord Baden-Powell, many years ago.

Poland was the country in which the danger was most real and most imminent. The Polish Guides were a strong body of over seventy-five thousand girls, all consumed with a burning flame of patriotism, and, as might have been expected, these were the Guides who had the most complete and thorough training beforehand, a training which enabled them to play a heroic part in the ensuing tragedy.

Madame Malkowska has told us that the spring of 1939 in Poland was exceptionally sunny and beautiful, with promise of a wonderful harvest—but all through that spring, the girls and women of the country were training themselves for the work ahead of them. In all Guide and Ranger companies, first-aid was being re-taught and re-tested. Every girl had to make for herself a first-aid outfit for use in emergency; they were taught to make substitutes for gas masks (an old bottle with the bottom cut off, and filled with damp earth, is safe to breathe through). They learned to make gas-proof shelters in all houses. More important still was the mental training—in observation, resourcefulness, finding one's way across country—and most important of all was the constant practice of alertness, courage, and discipline.

All the summer camps were devoted to preparation for the national emergency. Guides were going through self-invented and self-imposed tests of courage and resourcefulness. They were teaching the people in their villages how to behave in case of bombardment, air raids, gas attack, incendiarism. Each Guide had an allotted task—to look after children, invalids, old people—to direct them to shelters, to know which buildings were available for ambulance posts, decontamination from gas, etc. Even Brownies were preparing—by practicing obedience and cheerfulness. They underwent tests of courage such as climbing big trees, going out alone in the dark, etc. Each one was eager to be ready when the call came.

And at last it came. On September first, 1939, without any warning, German armies

poured across the frontier, German aeroplanes rained destruction on quiet villages, German machine-guns raked the country roads. Then one could see the Polish Guides helping courageously, doing their duty in simple ways. They worked in homes for children, in hospitals; they helped to dig trenches; they worked day and night in the railway stations, serving food and drink to those who came through, soldiers or refugees. In the towns some of the older girls acted as air-raid wardens; they had been trained to recognize different types of airplanes by the sound of their engines, and when planes were heard approaching, they reported to the control center so that the inhabitants could be warned to take shelter.

In one of the Warsaw hospitals which was bombed in an air raid, Guide nurses rushed into a collapsing room, picked up the patients from the beds and carried them on their backs to safety, saving many lives by their prompt action.

One patrol of Guides was serving hot milk to evacuated children in the station of Praga, near Warsaw, when a bomb fell on the station and the whole patrol was wiped out.

Since the German conquest of Poland, darkness has fallen on that martyred country and we do not know what the Guides have undergone. A few—a very few—have got through to England, where they have formed themselves into groups, making themselves new uniforms of the old Polish gray color. They are working together for the time when they will go back to their country, to restore her to life and help also in building up a new world in which the horrors of the past can never be repeated.

In France, too, the outbreak of war found the Guides of both Movements—Eclaireuses and Guides de France—prepared to lend a hand to their country folk in distress. The war began with a mass evacuation from the provinces on the eastern frontier. Hundreds of thousands of people were obliged to leave their homes and to take refuge in the remote provinces of the south and west.

An English writer, Somerset Maugham, in

a recent book, *France at War*, describes the work of the Guides on this occasion: "The evacuation of half a million people from Alsace and Lorraine was a distressing necessity, and its attendant hardships would have been scarcely tolerable without the willing aid given by the Girl Guides. They helped families to pack such few things as they could take with them, and on train journeys that might well last three or four days they exerted themselves to comfort those frightened and unhappy people, herded together sometimes in cattle trucks, and mitigated their discomforts. Day and night the Girl Guides were at wayside stations to give what refreshment and help was possible to the refugees. They met them in Paris, encouraged them, and conveyed them across the city to the station from which they were to entrain for their destination. There again the Girl Guides met them, interpreted for them, acted as intermediaries between them and the population which was obliged somewhat unwillingly to receive them, distributed clothes among them, provided them with books, and, in short, did everything that human kindness could do to ease the tragic lot of those strangers in a land strange to them."

Work on the land was also one of the duties which fell to the French Guides. All over France, women were obliged to do the work of the men called up into the army, and the Guides joyfully shared in this. For the summer of 1940 they were planning camps in various parts of the country to help in the harvest.

One last glimpse we had of the French Guides before the curtain fell between them and us. An English woman, working for the Y.W.C.A. in Nantes during the tragic collapse, writes of the magnificent service rendered by the French Scouts and Guides: "Under the most exacting conditions they worked in railway stations, met cars, and directed to car parks the ever increasing numbers of motor-borne refugees. Day and night they cooked, minded children, cheered and comforted the refugees, and started a most helpful form of service whereby they dis-

PREPARED!

An account of the courageous war work of Girl Guides and Scouts in Poland, Finland, France, and England

By ROSE KERR, O.B.E. of the World Association
of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts, London, England



YOUTHFUL "PAUL REVERES" OF THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE! GIRL GUIDES ON SWIFT BICYCLES, IN THE RÔLE OF ARMY MESSENGERS, RECENTLY CALLED TWO HUNDRED HOME GUARDS TO DUTY IN TWO HOURS

played on billboards, in an enquiry office near the station, the names of each town and arrivals from that town and their whereabouts. This enabled people to find each other. Such intelligence and unremitting service earned the praise of all."

Now we are cut off from direct communication with the French Guides, but from news which filters through neutral countries, we learn that they are still carrying on in the face of immense difficulties, still holding camps and even giving training for leaders, in that undaunted spirit which will one day restore France to her place among free nations.

We have to mention one other country, Suomi-Finland, in which magnificent war work was done under most dangerous and difficult conditions. When the war in Suomi-Finland broke out on November 30, 1939, the usual Girl Scouting in troops came to an end. But the Girl Scouts went on with their self-sacrificing work to help others.

Some groups worked in hospitals, blacking out the windows, serving food, helping in the nursing and in the general work. A very important task was to give "first aid" to the clothes of the soldiers for very often, when wounded soldiers were being undressed, their clothes had to be cut off, and garments thus treated had to be mended before the soldier left the hospital.

The Girl Scouts were busy knitting socks, gloves, and other warm garments. They took part in air-raid protection work as wardens, look-outs, messengers, and first-aid workers. They worked for evacuated people, helping



A GROUP OF RANGERS TURN WILLING HANDS TO MAKING COTS AND BEDCLOTHES FOR CHILD EVACUÉES FROM CITIES AND THEIR BOMBINGS

to lodge and feed them. They collected money and clothes for them. They were active in Red Cross work, making quantities of bandages and dressings, and volunteering for blood transfusions when needed.

The Girl Scouts also helped the local detachments of the Lotta Svärd (the splendid corps of women auxiliaries to the army).

The spirit of Suomi was shown in many letters which came through to the World Bureau from the Girl Scouts and of which the following extract is a typical example: "All is 'all right' here. Almost every day the Russian flyers do visit here, but it is nothing very awful any more. It's quite comfortable to have a pause of an hour or so to sit in the

shelter and to do handworks, knitting, or something. . . ." The issue of the war was a terrible blow to the Finns, but their spirit remains quite unbroken and they do not acknowledge defeat.

As to the Guides of Great Britain, it is impossible even to mention the innumerable tasks which have been performed by them.

The first great piece of service which came in their way at the outbreak of war was helping in the evacuation of children from the large cities into country districts. Guiders and Commissioners had taken a large share in the preliminary organization of this scheme, and when the time came for it to be put into action Guides and Rangers were ready to assist in carrying it out.

A graphic picture is given in one report: "During the evacuation week-end, over seventy Guides were on duty at the station. It was a proud moment when the Director of Education, acting as Evacuation Officer, ordered everyone to leave the railway platform except the members of the Voluntary Aid Detachments of the Red Cross and the Girl Guides! Guides carried parcels, suitcases, babies, from station to schools, from schools to billets, packed up four hundred parcels of forty-eight-hours' rations, provided, erected, and staffed 'lats' as in camp (emergency toilets) for station arrivals, provided special messengers, arranged games for the children on the afternoon of their arrival so as to give the teachers in charge of them a rest."

The Guides have continued to care for the evacuated children in their neighborhoods,

BELOW: GIRL GUIDES OF TENTERDEN, KENT, HELP IN THE ECONOMY CAMPAIGN BY CALLING WITH HANDCARTS AT ALL VILLAGE HOUSES IN ORDER TO GATHER WASTE PAPER



providing recreation—and in some cases education, too—initiating them into the life of the countryside, organizing canteens where visiting parents may obtain meals, etc. This work has had the effect of linking up town and country children, getting them to understand each other better—work which will be of inestimable value in the future after the war. Incidentally about three hundred new companies and Brownie Packs have been formed among evacuated children during the past year—the children are clamoring to be Guides.

A great deal of work has been done in connection with depots for clothing which have been opened by the Guides in many towns and villages. Enormous quantities of gar-

ments have been cut out, sewn, and knitted—and large consignments have been dispatched to hospitals, refugees, evacuated children, as well as the "comforts" knitted with care and love for the men of the Air Force, Navy, Army, and Merchant Navy. Guide Companies have "adopted" ships and have undertaken to provide each member of the crew with knitted helmets, pullovers, gloves, socks, and scarves, for the cold winter months. The Guides, especially the Sea Rangers, take a deep interest in their own ship, and glory in her exploits; the ship's crew takes an affectionate pride in their own Guide Company. The Guides of one Scottish Division who were helping a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen to carry refreshments, books, and magazines to the members of Searchlight Units in isolated parts of the district, undertook also to collect the men's clothes for washing and mending, and to take them back freshly laundered the next week. The value of this small piece of homely feminine work to lonely men is very great.

The Guides did not forget their sister Guides in other lands. They worked hard for Poland and Finland: large sums of money were given, quantities of new clothes were made, and second-hand clothing collected and repaired for Polish refugees in England and for the Finns in their own country. Madame Malkowska's little school for Polish children in England made a strong appeal, and gifts of money and clothing flowed in almost daily.

A large number of Guiders and Rangers have joined different services—Guide recruits have gone into the Auxiliary Territorial Service which does household "chores" for the Army; the Women's Royal Naval Service which does much of the work at home ports; and the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. One of the most arduous, dangerous, and valuable pieces of work is the Auxiliary Fire Service, which has put out innumerable fires caused by air raids—and this Service numbers many Guiders.

The Empire Gift Week was a joint effort on the part of British Guides in all parts of the world. It was suggested that every member of the Movement should give the equivalent of half a day's income, salary, or pocket money. Everyone responded to this, from H.R.H. the Princess Royal, our President, down to the youngest Brownie, and in a very short time almost three times as much money was raised as the original organizers had dared to hope—over £50,000 (roughly, \$200,000).

With this money the Guides were enabled to give:

Two Air Ambulances to the Royal Air Force
Twenty Motor Ambulances to the Royal Navy

A large sum of money to equip many Rest Rooms for the Army

Three fully-equipped Recreation Huts to the Y.M.C.A. for their work with the forces, together with four mobile canteens

One motor life-boat, which assisted in the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force in France, and has honorable scars from this; it has received the name of "The Guide of Dunkirk!"

One Recreation Hut for British sailors

It was a proud day for the Guides when our two splendid air ambulances were presented at Hendon Aerodrome by the Princess Royal, on behalf of the Guides, to the Air Marshal who received them for the R.A.F. Fifty Guides and Brownies were present, and were "given a ride" in the great airplanes.

An equally proud day was when, on the historic parade ground in front of the Admiralty in London, ten of our twenty ambulances, each with the Guide trefoil painted on its side, were arrayed in line—a Ranger, a Guide, and a Brownie standing by each—while the Princess Royal offered the life-saving gift to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. The presentation was immediately followed by an air raid warning, during which the whole Guide contingent was invited into the air raid shelter of the Admiralty. The Guides and Brownies sang, danced, and played games unchecked all round the underground corridors, and finally ended up with a huge "sit-down" tea, which had been kept waiting for them throughout the raid.

Courage, cheerfulness, and resourcefulness in danger have been shown by very many Guides. Here are stories of three of them:

A twelve-year old Guide, Meryl Reed, was being sent by her parents to Bermuda, when the ship in which she was traveling was torpedoed. Meryl remained calm, gave up her coat and other warm garments to other children, and kept other people cheerful by singing to them while they were at sea in an open boat. The sailors could not say enough in her praise.

A Guide called Peggy Harland was spending the night with friends in Eastbourne when a high explosive bomb demolished the house

in which she was staying. It took twenty-four hours for the rescue squad to reach Peggy, and when they did so they found they could not move her as she was pinned by the feet under fallen masonry. She was perfectly cheerful and very brave, although it was necessary then and there, with the air-raid warnings and sirens sounding and a "dog-fight" between airplanes going on overhead, to amputate one foot and the other leg above the knee. The warden on duty was an Eastbourne Guider and, recognizing the child, was able to send for her parents and her own Guider, who were able to see her in the hospital. It was found that her spine was also badly injured, and she died two days later. The District Commissioner wrote afterwards: "It helped the parents so much to bear their terrible loss as Peggy was so brave and cheerful and smiled to the last. If ever a Guide carried out to the full her eighth Guide Law, Peggy did."

The most outstanding deed of gallantry performed by a member of the Guide Movement is that of Peggy Prince, twenty-year-old Brownie leader of a Pack in Kent, who, for her single-handed rescue by canoe of an airman whose plane had crashed in the Channel, has been awarded by the King the Medal of the Order of the British Empire.

As I write these words, enemy planes are buzzing overhead, the crash of our own anti-aircraft guns is almost deafening—millions of London's citizens are sheltering in cellars and basements and other millions have no shelter at all. There are hundreds of Guides and Guiders among them, and of one thing we can be sure, that their training in Guiding is helping them to keep calm, and that their Guide Promise is giving them that strength which alone can enable them to help those around them.

Author's Note:

In this very brief account of work done by Guides and Girl Scouts in countries actually under war conditions, it has been impossible to mention the splendid work done by countries further from the seat of war, such as the British Dominions and Colonies and India. For instance, Australia has sent ninety-one large cases and bales of new children's clothing, beautifully made in cheerful colors from useful thick materials. Wonderful help has also been received by Poland, France, Great Britain, and Suomi-Finland—both in money and in kind—from the Girl Scouts of the United States of America.

ADVENTURE IN TICKLER'S COVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Usually they stay far out over the ocean, drinking salt water, and resting on the waves. We seldom see them from shore except when a storm blows them toward the land. They are snowy white with pearl-gray backs and wings. The tips of the wings look as if they had been dipped in ink. Unlike the big herring gulls, kittiwakes seem gentle and almost dove-like. They behave as if devoted to one another. When one of them is injured or killed, the rest circle about it, crying, and quite disregard their own safety. They nest in colonies and a group of them have chosen Bonaventure as a nesting place. Their own particular cove is Tickler's. The fishermen all call the kittiwakes "ticklers." Perhaps that is because their chuckling laughter sounds like the giggles of someone who is being tickled.

The first time we set out for Tickler's Cove

in Mr. Paget's homemade, eighteen-foot boat, the wind suddenly changed and we could see an approaching squall. He had to take us back to his wharf before we were anywhere near the kittiwake cove. Another calm day came and we set out once more. We rounded the Reef of the Ram, sailed past the Black Cliffs, and finally entered that shallow indentation, Tickler's Cove.

Great masses of loosely piled rocks, which some time in the past had crashed down from the cliff above, made it possible for us to climb up the shelving cliff wall where the kittiwakes nested. Mr. Paget and his brother stayed in the boat so that they might watch closely for any change in the fickle wind.

We toiled over the tumbled rocks and up to the ledges where the kittiwakes had draped greenish seaweed over the rosy red rocks to make their nests. They were as pretty nests

as one often sees. The eggs had all hatched and the young birds were already well feathered, with black collars across the backs of their necks. The parent birds very bravely stayed with their young, even though they could not know that we were entirely harmless. Photographing the kittiwakes engrossed us for some time.

Suddenly Mr. Paget called, "The wind has shifted toward the north! We must get out of here quickly!"

There was an urgent note in his voice that made us snatch up our cameras and other equipment and scurry down the cliff and over the tumbled rocks. We were barely in time. Sudden gusts of north wind piled the waves into the cove so fiercely that, hurry as we did, the rudder was broken on the rocks before we could get away. In alarm, we noticed that the only substitute for the missing rudder

was an old oar with half the blade gone. We drew a breath of relief as we saw that the Pagets were able to guide the boat with the oar, for we were moving along a sheer, seven-hundred-foot cliff, a perpendicular cliff so smooth as not to afford a single perch for the smallest bird.

But our adventure was not yet ended. The motor sputtered, sputtered again, gave a final cough, and died. Then I did become frightened. Allan must have been perturbed, too. I saw him grip his camera firmly and look at the rest of his heavy equipment with quite an agonized expression. There wasn't a single life preserver on the boat. All we could do was sit still and say nothing.

Nearer and nearer the cliff we drifted, a cliff so polished by the waves that it did not offer a single fingerhold. It loomed grimly above us, tiny, helpless creatures in its shadow.

Mr. Paget and his brother evidently knew their engine. At least, I hoped they did. They kept taking more parts off it. Bolts, spark plugs, and wires lay in what looked like hopeless confusion. It seemed an endless time until the parts were reassembled. The cliff was very near and the hollow echo of the receding waves, rushing away after throwing themselves high upon its smoothness, sounded like the thunder of doom.

Just when it seemed that the boat would inevitably crash against the cliff, the motor choked, caught, and purred smoothly. We were safe—and so were the precious cameras and the pictures they held.

I was quite ready to go back to the Paget farmhouse and have nothing more to do with photography for the rest of the day. But just then a finback whale was seen cruising idly along a fish net set a couple of miles beyond the island. As we watched, a column of spray shot up. So off we went in that little, homemade boat without a rudder. It might be possible to get near enough for some photographs.

The great mammal blew again. A smooth, blackish back slid out of the water, humped up, and ponderously moved forward and in again. He looked even bigger the second time he came up than he had the first. I had never seen a whale before, so the first glimpse of one was very thrilling.

As the whale disappeared the second time, my eyes remained glued to the ocean where it went down. We were going toward the place quickly in spite of a sputtering motor and an oar rudder. I thought of a picture in my book of *Moby Dick* which had always fascinated even as it repelled me. It was a picture of a splintered whaleboat, with broken oars and terrified sailors all mixed together, while over them towered the ferocious head of "Moby Dick" with his back a mountain behind his ugly head. The injured and drowning sailors were midge-sized beside that greatest mammal in the world.

I wasn't sure that I wanted to go any closer to a whale than we were. I had been in the big whaleboat tender for Captain Bob Bartlett's *Effie M. Morrissey* which each summer makes those exciting trips to the Arctic. That whaleboat was much bigger than the boat we were in. Its gunwales were high and it rode buoyantly on the waves. Now we were moving sluggishly in a homemade boat never meant for whaling. But one of the rules, when accompanying a nature photographer, is never to object to any action necessary to get a desired picture.

The whale blew a third time. Hadn't I read that, after a whale had blown three



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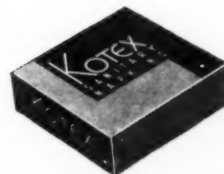
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times, it stayed down for half an hour or so? I rather hoped this one would and that he would swim far off while he was down.

We drifted along—and suddenly the whale rose right in front of the boat. A tall fountain of spray shot up, then a long, smooth back emerged, slid along in front of us, humping higher as it moved forward, and then it slowly sank beneath the surface. Fortunately Allan was ready with his camera, though we had not expected that whale to appear close by us so soon.

Just as my husband turned with an expression of delight on his face at having actually

photographed a whale, a fountain shot up to the right of us—and parallel with the boat, dwarfing it with its tremendous size, a second whale rose. The moisture from the spout drifted across our startled faces and we could actually smell the whale. It had an oily, musky odor.

In frozen surprise we stared at that whale so close to us, but I realized that Allan was not wasting his time by just looking. He was taking pictures as fast as he could. That recalled the movie camera which I held in my nerveless hands and I raised it and started taking pictures, too, just as the monster

playfully flopped over on its side and rolled so the long, straight ridges on its pale, whitish undersides came into view. There was a tremendous boiling of water as the whale sounded, and the boat bobbed about on the waves in a most disconcerting way. Another minute or two passed and both whales rose together, then moved off toward the east.

That was a morning to remember, for new birds had been photographed, the boat had nearly been wrecked, and finally two whales had popped out of the ocean. Tickler's Cove may be small, but it looms big in our memories as a place of adventure.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

life for an American boy, of course, but we two were—pretty happy out there together. I'm afraid he resented my marrying."

"With me thrown in as a permanent member of the family," Pam supplied, trying not to show she was hurt.

Judy said gently, "Will you just be patient, darling? He's spoiled, I know, but I'm counting on you to help set his feet firmly on the ground. He's not very strong, and that makes him difficult at times."

Pam could only nod in quick promise, because just then the waitress appeared with the menu and there was no further chance for private conversation.

Promptly after breakfast the car appeared at the door, with a beaming Carlos (in a tengallon hat, and a neatly-pressed tan uniform which he had borrowed from one of the hotel porters) sitting proudly in the driver's seat.

It was surely a day of days upon which to make the acquaintance of desert and mountains. The sun, as it rose, had warmed the whole bright, fantastic land, and the early morning keenness was gone from the air.

They drove across the desert on the fine, straight road to town, and through the city of Tucson with its wide, sunny streets—each framing at its farthest vista a gleaming mountain peak set squarely across the view.

After they had left the city behind them, and were rolling swiftly along another road that led toward the western mountains, Pam found her voice. "Judy," she said, "those mountains over there—the ones we're driving into right now—are my mountains. The Tucson. It's up in there somewhere my house is waiting."

"Suppose there isn't any house at all," Judy teased. "Suppose Mr. McHenry and Charles just dreamed it between them."

"It's no dream," Pam affirmed stoutly. "Carlos has been there."

Carlos, hearing his name, pointed ahead and to the left. "See where the road turns—up there by beeg rock?" he asked. "That turn lead into Rosita Canyon. Not long now."

On the left was a high cliff, and on their right the mountainside dropped away into a gorgeous panorama of valley, desert, and—on the far side—more mountains.

The car stopped, and Carlos waved in an impressive gesture ahead, as if he were making them a gift of the landscape. "We are arrive," he announced. "Behold house of the Señor McEnry."

Before them a semi-circle of flat, sandy land like a small plateau was set into the face of the hillside. And directly in the center of this, surrounded by mesquite bushes and gray-green paloverde, stood a low house of dun-colored adobe blocks.

It had several windows across the front, and a door—once apparently painted a bright

DESERT CALLING

azure, but now faded to a pleasant, dusty blue—stood partly ajar. In front of the house was a paved patio. But what was more astonishing—since they had, after all, expected some sort of house to be there—were two fine riding horses near the house, with gaudy Mexican saddles and with their bridles hanging, Western fashion, over their heads to "hitch" them to an illusion of restraint.

Then, through the half-open door of the house, two figures emerged into the hard, brilliant sunshine. They were a tall youth in blue jeans, khaki shirt, and riding boots, and a slim, pretty girl in conventional riding breeches, her silk blouse open to show a V of golden-tan throat.

"Good morning," Charles called to them. "Am I right in thinking this house used to belong to Mr. McHenry, the artist?"

The boy and girl exchanged quick, questioning glances.

"Used to belong to him, sir?" the former asked, coming closer. He might have been Tim's age, and while his tone was courteous, his expression could not have been called welcoming. "Yes, this is the place."

The girl hung back, her glance going a little apprehensively from face to face of the three strangers.

"Good, then we're home, Pam," Charles said with satisfaction. He added to the boy and girl, "I bought the place from McHenry about a month ago. Do you imagine it's in decent shape to camp out in?"

The boy turned and sent a strange look over his shoulder to his companion. Pam could see the quick dismay that leaped into the girl's face in reply.

"You mean, sir," he said, "that you are—planning to live here? In this house? It's—it's—"

"It's rather tumble-down," the girl broke in, her words obviously addressed to Pam. "It's fun for a picnic, of course, but as a place to live—well—"

Pam looked pointedly at the open door, and the girl flushed. "I—my cousin and I must apologize for our intrusion," she said, stiffly. "We didn't know Uncle Bill—Mr. McHenry, I mean, only we've always called him 'Uncle'—had sold the house. We've been in and out ever since he went away, sort of—oh—keeping things tidied up and—and picnicking here."

She turned to the youth beside her. "This is my cousin, Pete Carewe, of Lone Spring Ranch—near here. And I'm Hilary Sawyer. I live with Pete's mother and father who are my aunt and uncle."

"Then if we're to be neighbors, may I introduce us, too?" Pam asked. "I'm Pam Strong, and this is my father, Dr. Charles Strong, and Mrs. Strong. Charles is going to write his book about the South Seas in this

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

house—that's one reason we came—and Judy's going to rest and ride and get strong again. And there's another member of the family you'll meet later, Judy's brother, Tim Garwyn. We hope you and your cousin will forgive us for taking away your picnic place, and will accept us as neighbors instead."

"Bravo, Pam, nicely said," Charles murmured, grinning.

Pete Carewe came forward and held out his hand. "Let's shake on that and start right in being good neighbors," he suggested.

Hilary Sawyer followed her cousin to where Pam and Judy stood, offering each her hand in turn. Her eyes were lovely, with their thick, up-sweeping lashes—and her low forehead, with the wavy dark hair parted above it, looked as though its possessor was not intended by nature ever to harbor mean or ungenerous thoughts. Why, Pam wondered, had she seemed so disturbed by their arrival?

THOSE are nice youngsters or I miss my guess," Charles said, when the boy and girl had ridden off a few minutes later, calling back friendly farewells. "Though they didn't seem any too overjoyed to see us at first."

Pam took a determined step toward the still open door of her new house. "Let's go in quick, and look every inch of it over," she begged. "Charles, before I step across the doorsill, thanks again—a million thanks—for my birthday present."

The front door opened directly into a big room that ran across the whole width of the house. There were shuttered windows facing the patio and the road, and at either end there was a huge "picture" window. Here the shutters had been flung back—probably by Pete or Hilary—and through each window there was a view of desert and mountains to make one gasp.

"Oh, Judy, think of actually living with all that at your door!" Pam said exultingly. "Charles, you didn't know yourself, I'll bet, all you were giving your unknown child for her sixteenth birthday."

"I didn't, for a fact," Charles admitted. "Well, it's a good thing you two girls are so pleased about the view, for there doesn't seem to be much in sight for you inside the house."

The floor was of wide boards, painted black but somewhat scarred by time and many footsteps. The walls were finished with unpainted hard wood, rubbed to a warm golden tone that showed the grain beautifully.

There was little furniture, and that shabby. A rough pine table held a miscellaneous assortment of books and magazines—the latter fairly new, by their dates, and therefore the property of Pete and Hilary—and a large wicker picnic basket stood on the floor

beside the table. In the north wall was a stone fireplace, showing by its blackened sides and the pile of ashes not yet swept out, that it was still in active use by somebody.

Behind the big living room was one fairly good-sized bedroom. It was a corner room, with two windows that looked out, one on the valley view they had seen from the front room, and the second up the mountainside, back of the house. There were brown rocks and cactus in this view, and signs of some rather recent digging in the sloping ground, as if somebody, a bit too optimistically, had tried to start a garden there.

The remaining space in the house was divided into two equal parts of which one made a small, cheerful room looking up the mountainside. The other had evidently been used by Mr. McHenry as his kitchen, for there was a battered kerosene stove in it, a wooden wash tub, and another open fireplace with a fascinating old iron crane.

"No running water, by the looks of things," Judy sighed, and then laughed. "Tim and I didn't have running water in Java, either, and we managed perfectly well. Carlos says there's a good stream somewhere up here."

She walked back to the middle room, and studied it. "It'll make a nice bedroom, Pam," she said in a tone of satisfaction. "I'm sorry Charles and I'll have to take the big corner one, since there are two of us. And we can screen off one end of the front room for Tim."

Pam moved toward a closed door she had suddenly noticed in the kitchen. "Here's our last unexplored area," she declared, and turned the knob. It was a shallow closet with rows of shelves, some still holding empty glass jars and boxes which might be leftovers from Pete's and Hilary's picnicking, or from the days of Mr. McHenry's occupancy.

"We'll soon have these shelves stocked," Judy observed dreamily, her mind already busy with marketing lists.

"What's this old pick up in here?" Charles asked, stooping to lift a pickaxe with a notched handle and rusty iron head, that stood propped against the lowest shelf.

Pam and Judy came over to look with him. "There are initials on it," Pam observed, tracing some rude carvings with her finger tip. "Do you suppose it's Pete Carewe's, or that it belonged to Mr. McHenry? Some of the letters are pretty worn."

"Here's an H," Charles said, studying it with her. "Oh, now I see! It's 'H. Hawkins' and a date—'1869'."

Pam gave a little squeal. "H. Hawkins was the name of Carlos's old prospector! Where do you suppose that pickaxe came from?"

Into the minds of all three Strongs simultaneously leaped those signs of fresh digging outside. A sudden blaze of excitement lighted their eyes as the thought hit them.

"Pete and Hilary must have found it if they were digging among those rocks out there, and that's why they were so upset to see us walk in," Pam cried. "They must be on the trail of old Hawkins's lost gold mine!"

"A stay on the desert is big enough, you'd think," she went on, "for any girl to be thrilled over—but when you add to that the present of a house of her very own, and on top of that a lost gold mine, well—" She breathed a gusty sigh of utter content that set Charles and Judy laughing.

After completing their exploration of the

(Continued on page 37)

WHAT'S YOUR TELEPHONE SCORE?

EVERY DAY many pleasant voices go over the telephone. It seems to us the number is growing all the time.

Most people realize the value of "The Voice with a Smile." And most people are careful to be thoughtful in using the telephone.

Can you say "yes" to these telephone questions?



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Do You Speak Pleasantly?

It may be your best friend. Greet her pleasantly. Friendly people have more fun anyway.



Do You Hang Up Gently?

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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

"THUNDER DEVILS"

"The trouble with Europe is that there aren't enough Greeks to go around." That thought, first expressed by Howard Brubaker, the columnist, has been in many minds since the Hellenes so gallantly turned back the Italian invaders.

Whether Greece can hold her gains and make new ones is, at this writing, an unanswerable question. But history will record her initial victories as among the most dramatic of World War II. They were startlingly unexpected, for the little nation of barely seven million people had been written down as a certain loser by military experts. Hadn't



she lost her main sources of income—tourists and shipping? Didn't she lack food, fuel, money?

The heroic Evzone (translated, the word means "well-girdled") mountain troops astonished such gloomy prophets. In their traditional ballet-skirted uniforms, very like the kilts they wore when tending their flocks or tilling their fields in peace time, they fought the pick of Italy's soldiers. In the bitter cold of Albanian mountains they blew up bridges, blocked roads by starting avalanches, drove the invaders back with bayonets and hand grenades. Later, with almost incredible labor, they hauled mountain cannon up to the tops of hills. They battled so fiercely that amazed and overwhelmed Italian officers called them "thunder-devils."

The patriotic enthusiasm they roused in Greece was so strong that it sometimes showed itself in unexpected places. For instance, travelers coming back from the village of Pyrgos reported that certain shops there bore signs, "Cigars, Cigarettes, Postage Stamps, Hurrah for Our Country!"

Most of us have been inclined to make a sharp distinction between ancient and modern Greeks. True, not many Greeks of to-day have old Hellenic strains in them; the population is made up chiefly of descendants of Albanians and Vlachs who have been seeping down the peninsula from regions north of it for many centuries. What a majority of us, perhaps, has failed to realize is the striking likeness in spirit between old and new Greece.

Those who know the country agree that today's Hellenes have fallen heir to the appreciation of beauty, the restless love of seafaring, the rugged fortitude of the ancient Greeks whose art and literature and philosophy were the splendor of an era, the inspiration of eras to come.

Those Americans whose sympathies have gone out to the Hellenes feel that certain famous words of Edgar Allan Poe might well be slightly revised. They would like "the glory that was Greece" to read "the glory that *is* Greece."

MERCY PENNIES

From her home in Arlington, Vermont, Dorothy Canfield Fisher has written a letter to American school children. It was she, it will be remembered, who got the idea of starting The Children's Crusade for Children. When it was over, and the money counted and apportioned, she and the others in charge of the Crusade were so pleased with the result that they felt the children should know what their pennies, dropped into mite-cans at schools, added up to, and what was being done with the money.

Clink, clink, clink, almost fourteen million pennies had piled up. These, in terms of dollars, totalled one hundred and thirty-seven thousand.

Five sums of twenty-two thousand, five hundred dollars each were given to Jewish children, and to the children of France, of Poland, of Britain, and of China. This left twenty-four and a half thousand. Out of that sum came three gifts of seventy-five hundred dollars each, to help children in three smaller countries—Holland, Finland, Belgium. Then, since there was two thousand dollars left over, this was given to Crown Princess Martha of Norway. She is in this country and will see that it reaches Norwegian children as soon as war conditions make that possible.



The Chinese boys and girls, as it turned out, had to have theirs in a hurry. The rainy season was coming on and they needed medical supplies. These were rushed to them.

In every case, the children who got aid were told that it was the children of America who sent them help.

If the young people of different nations can be taught to think kindly of each other, the world, when they grow up, may hold less hostility.

SYMBOLS GO OVER THE SEAS

"Youth must be served." That venerable saying might well, to-day, be changed to "Youth must serve." Truly it *is* serving—and helping—here in our country where democracy, though challenged, is not hard-pressed, as well as in lands overseas where freedom must be defended daily.

It is this impulse to serve and give aid which prompted solemn ceremonies held on the twenty-second of last December, under a Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center in New York City. At those ceremonies the Girl Scouts of America gave certain Christmas gifts to the Girl Guides of Great Britain. Funds to buy the presents came from a piling



up of pennies, coins contributed by the more than six hundred and thirty thousand Girl Scouts in this country.

The gifts should prove most helpful: An ambulance, two mobile canteens, ninety air-raid shelter supply units, three hundred and thirty pounds of knitting wool. The ambulance (our artist has sketched it) has room for four stretcher cases, or for about a dozen less badly wounded people sitting on benches along the sides. Two hundred can be fed from each of the mobile canteens: they contain complete traveling-kitchen equipment.

The ceremonies themselves and the speech of thanks that Princess Mary, president of the British Girl Guide movement, broadcast to the United States, made many a listener and onlooker realize that the gifts had deeper significance than their intrinsic value. These tangible things were symbolic of the bonds linking girls with an ocean between.

Appropriately, the funds were collected through the Juliette Low Memorial Committee. It was Mrs. Low's hope that the Girl Scout movement in this country might help to cement international friendship.

American Girl Scouts, looking toward war-torn countries, see Girl Guides carrying on with high courage. They realize that, though they themselves may not have many chances for such heroic deeds, they have countless peace-time opportunities to give great and growing service to their nation.

HAZARDS IN OUR HOMES

Leaders in safety campaigns have long been pointing out dangers on our highways and giving advice on how to take the risks out of motoring. Less emphasis has been laid on another type of accident—mishaps in the home. But now the American Red Cross has made public certain statistics which carry a warning. In its annual report it states that, last year, in the United States, thirty-two thousand, six hundred people were killed in automobile accidents. In the same period, about thirty-two thousand lost their lives in accidents in and around their dwellings. Most of these home casualties, the Red Cross declares, should never have occurred—were preventable.

What can we do to make our homes safer places to live in? For one thing we can face the fact that almost half of the more serious household accidents are due to falls—and try to eliminate the hazards responsible. Lack of good lighting in rooms and hallways, and especially at the head and foot of stairs, is a frequent cause of tumbles. Also, every year, tens of thousands of people hurt themselves because, when they're working high above the floor, they climb up on chairs, tables, shelves, boxes, instead of using well-built stepladders.

Accident statistics show that, every twelve months, more than a hundred thousand people slip while in bathtubs, or on the slick floors of bathrooms, and injure themselves. Slippery cakes of soap, lurking under the water instead of lying in holders where they should be, are responsible for a large proportion of these falls. In addition to teaching soap its place, safety precautions include convenient hand-holds, and rubber mats to keep bare feet from slipping.

Still other hazards are toys, skates, and such things left in unexpected places on the floor—and also rugs skidding on polished boards when stepped on. Florence Nelson, in her valuable article, *Comfortable Homes Are Safe Homes*, in THE AMERICAN GIRL for April, 1939, told us such runaway rugs could be tamed by wetting the undersides with a sticky fluid specially prepared for that purpose.

Outstanding as a casualty cause is carelessness with electrical gadgets. We'll all be far more secure in our homes if we'll remember that dampness and electricity can be deadly, if mixed. Don't ever touch an electric ap-



pliance or a metal light-pull when your hands or feet are wet, or when you are standing on a moist floor, or in water.

Here are a few more *don't-forgets*: Use safety matches only. Keep drying clothes away from hot stoves. Read the label before taking any medicine. Bottles of poison should bear *shrill* labels and are best kept under lock and key. Non-explosive, non-inflammable cleaning fluids are, of course, "musts," but even those, if used in big quantities, may give off harmful fumes.

In short, let's make the phrase "safe at home" really mean something.



"My first big dance —and I almost didn't come!"

"WHAT! Do you mean to say you would have missed *this* dance?"

"I certainly *would* have, if it hadn't been for Cousin Ann!"

"How come?"

"Well, I was too uncomfortable to budge. But Cousin Ann came across with some Modess Sanitary Napkins—and what a *difference* they make!"

"What? You mean you're just finding out about Modess? I thought everyone knew about Modess—it's so *extra* soft and comfortable!"

"Oh, it's *wonderful*! What makes Modess so comfortable, anyway?"

"Golly, don't you know anything? It's the downy-soft filler in Modess that makes it so comfortable. 'Fluff'—they call it. And it's *different* from

the filler found in most other napkins."

"Well, I—"

"And Modess is so *safe*, too! There's a pamphlet inside every Modess package that tells you why."

"You know—"

"Tell your mother to get you Modess Junior. It's just the same as regular Modess except that it's a little narrower. They make it *especially* for young girls. And you can get a box of ten napkins for *only 15¢!*"

"Whew! I wish you'd pipe down long enough for me to say that I'll never use anything but Modess again!"



WASHINGTON'S HAPPIEST BIRTHDAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

woven in the spinning house (on the way to the flower garden) where a group of slave-girls spun and sang the days away, and chattered about the doings in the Mansion House. And often they must have looked up, with wide smiles, to see Miss Nelly herself in the doorway, come to see how the work progressed.

Nelly must have made certain that her dear Grandmother Martha wore her best gown to the wedding, too—perhaps the one of flowered brocade with its fichu of white lace. And as for the General, Nelly probably wanted him to be resplendent in his most dashing uniform, the one worn on state occasions when Washington appeared as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental army, with buttons and embroidery of gold.

"And you must carry the hat with the elegant white plumes, Grandpa," one can imagine her coaxing, "the one presented by Major General Pinkney."

Her grandfather smiled at her, no doubt, as he tweaked her small pink ear. The gold embroidered suit was laid away in the chest in camphor—perhaps he thought it now too snug for comfort. At any rate, he much preferred his plainer buff-and-blue and his cocked hat with its "plain black ribbon cockade."

But he had a happy thought. He would give Nelly the snowy ostrich plumes of General Pinkney's gift hat for a new bonnet of her own. And very fetching she must have looked with the plumes nodding above her smiling hazel eyes. For she was considered a beauty, one of the fairest young ladies of her generation, as you may see for yourself from the portrait of her by Gilbert Stuart now hanging at Arlington House, the later home of her brother, George Washington Parke Custis, or from the two portraits of her in the music room at Mount Vernon.

NELLY CUSTIS was described by a foreign traveler as "one of those celestial beings so rarely produced by nature, sometimes dreamt of by poets and painters, whom one cannot see without a feeling of ecstasy. Her sweetness equals her beauty, and that is perfect. She plays the piano, she sings and designs better than the usual woman of America, or even of Europe."

Even by an older matron, the girl was described with scarcely less extravagance. It was during that first year of her marriage—and less than a month before Washington's death—that a house guest, a Mrs. Edward Carrington, wrote of her that she was "lovely as nature could form her, improved in every female accomplishment, and what is still more interesting, amiable and obliging in her conduct to her aged grandmother and the General (whom she always calls Grandpa). I seem actually transported on beholding her."

It is not surprising that Nelly had pretty manners added to her own sweet nature. She had been favored beyond any other girl in America. Coming to Mount Vernon as a mere baby, after her father's sudden death, she had crept into her grandmother's heart, grief-stricken at the loss of her only son. Nelly was a chubby, winsome thing of four, mothering her small brother George, when her grandfather came home from the war. His work for his country was done, so he thought. The thirteen colonies were united and independent so he returned to his broad

acres on the Potomac—and into his heart, too, crept the laughing, rosy-cheeked little girl.

Nelly was ten years old when her grandfather was called again to serve his country, this time as its first President. For the next eight years, she lived in the executive mansions of New York and Philadelphia.

Lessons under Mr. Tobias Lear must have sat lightly upon the two children, brother and sister, for whenever the day was fine they dropped numbers and writing to put on gay frock and coat and sally forth in the elegant Presidential coach, driven by its six famous bays. It was the hour of the President's recreation, of his chance to talk with his wife, and to form the minds of the boy and girl whose eyes were eager and bright with wind and sun.

How fast the horses flew! All the way up from their home on Cherry Street, or on lower Broadway, to Murray Hill. What fun it was to have people lean out of their windows to wave, or to see the bows and smiles all along the streets!

"Wave your hand, Nelly," we hear Grandmother Martha admonish her. "One courtesy deserves another."

AND even though it was the fashion in those days for children to be seen and not heard, yet Nelly and George were often brought in to meet distinguished guests—foreign ambassadors, members of the Cabinet and of the Congress. Nelly learned to make a pretty curtsy. From watching her grandmother, she learned how to overcome her shyness with strangers, to speak when spoken to.

Along with lessons came daily practice at her music. At first she must have used the little spinet which General Washington had ordered from England long years before. It had been silent since the death of Mrs. Washington's own daughter. But when Nelly was thirteen, her grandfather wrote to London for a beautiful harpsicord for which he paid a thousand dollars. And then the music lessons began in earnest.

At eighteen, Nelly stood in the gallery of the House of Representatives to hear her grandfather relinquish the affairs of the nation to Mr. John Adams. The new nation was launched. And so, at last, they were free to ride home to beautiful Mount Vernon.

How glad they all must have been! The General plunged at once into the affairs of his five farms, of further landscaping for Mansion House and gardens. Mrs. Washington had the whole house to set in order, the servants to supervise in kitchen and smoke house, laundry, and spinning house. The Negroes they always called "our people." Many of them Mrs. Washington had brought with her from Williamsburg. The eight years had brought many changes among the slaves. Eliza had married Joe; Molly's twins had grown up. Nelly went with her grandmother on all her errands, learning the management of a large household.

And never a single day passed without guests coming or going. Nelly was called upon constantly to greet the arrivals—generals and foreign ambassadors, perhaps, come to pay their respects to her grandfather. Some came to discuss affairs of state; many stopped to break the long journey from Richmond to the Federal City; one and all must stay the night, of course. Many anxious moments must have been spent in trying to tuck

them all away. More than once Nelly must have given up to a guest her own room, the first on the right as you mount the stairs, to take one of the small rooms in the attic.

Frequently the big house swarmed with young people—cousins, sisters, aunts and uncles, nephews and nieces on both sides of the family. And even if Nelly's brother was often away at school, she did not lack for gay young cavaliers, riding up booted and spurred.

But of them all, she had eyes only for one face, one pair of smiling eyes, for Lawrence Lewis, who, since his mother's death two years before, had been a member of the Mount Vernon family, half secretary, half guest.

So it was that, just one month and one day before Nelly's own twentieth birthday, these two set their wedding date on the birthday of the uncle-grandfather who meant so much to them both. The day before, on the twenty-first, they had welcomed the wedding guests—Lawrence's brother Robert, and his sister, Mrs. Charles Carter, with her husband and daughter. On the twenty-second, as Washington tells us in his diary, there arrived the good Mr. Davis and Nelly's uncle, George Calvert.

One may imagine the family gathering that day in the west parlor before the fire, glad to be indoors from the wind "very strong from the northwest and turning clear and cold," and the flutter of excitement at the three o'clock dinner, with all eyes fixed upon the lovely face of the bride, with her pointed chin and laughing eyes.

The moment she was free, Nelly must have flown up the stairs to her own room to be dressed in her wedding gown—the one you may still see at Mount Vernon in the old carpenter shop that is now a Museum.

Down in the banquet hall, old Caesar must have shuffled in with armloads of wood for a glowing fire. He and black Molly liked, no doubt, to see the flames dance on the brass andirons given by Mr. Lafayette, throwing into high relief the eighteenth-century shepherdesses carved on the white marble mantel. How warm they made the colors of the handsome rug which the King of France, Louis Sixteenth, had had woven for General Washington, the eagles in the center grasping the legend, *E Pluribus Unum* in their strong talons!

AND now let us imagine the scene. The early twilight sets in. Molly comes in with a taper to light the candles. White candles, hand-dipped, flicker in the tall silver candlesticks, and in the crystal sconces. Candles, in the wide front hall, gleam in the big square lantern given by Admiral Vernon for whom the estate is named. There are candles and firelight in the music room and the west parlor and the banquet hall, and the Mansion House is all aglow with light.

Now hearts beat faster. Black faces and flattened noses are at every window pane. The Reverend Thomas Davis takes his new American Episcopal prayer book from his coat-tail pocket and finds the place for the marriage ceremony. (Next day Washington wrote an entry in his account book: "*To the Revd. Davis \$20 for the ceremony for E. C.*") Someone goes into the music room across the hall to play a wedding march. The guests gather in the big banquet room, the groom among them. At the foot of the stairs waits

the tall General, majestic in his blue-and-buff.

Upstairs, Mrs. Washington hovers over the bride for a last touch to her veil, and then puts about her shoulders a wedding gift, a most exquisite white embroidered shawl. The door at the top of the stairs opens. Voices are hushed. The bride is descending.

Down the broad stairs, around the curve, she comes, a vision of loveliness in her long full gown of silk net, with its huge puffed sleeves and low, off-the-shoulder neck line. The house-servants gasp with delight, and crowd the doors to see.

Nelly's grandfather bows and offers his arm, stooping to suit his height to hers. He leads her into the hall, toward the waiting bridegroom.

The beautiful and solemn words of the marriage service are said, the prayer is ended. Eleanor Parke Custis has become Mrs. Lawrence Lewis. The hush is broken by happy congratulations, by a glow of blessings and a shower of gifts.

Then what a happy evening of dancing

The DESERT CALLING

cabin, the three wandered outside in search of the stream.

Carlos, being questioned about the water, led them fifty yards up the mountainside, beyond where the digging operations were under way. There were some big boulders, a sort of rocky ledge in the side of the hill—then, passing around the lower end of this formation, they came upon a swiftly flowing stream, its bed filled with masses of rocks over which the clear water leaped and foamed to make a wide, fairly deep pool before it churned away downhill.

There was a good deal of green in the mountains, the Strongs were glad to find. The desert, with its browns and grays and weirdly arresting cacti, was new and interesting, but the touch of green below, in the low bushes, climbing vines, and stiff, coarse grass, made them all feel more at home in their new surroundings.

"I think Tim and I can build a dam across the outlet to that pool," Charles observed thoughtfully. "That would mean swimming on hot days."

Both Pam and Judy exclaimed in delight, and after they had tramped all about the place, measuring and suggesting, it was time to start back to the hotel for lunch.

The next few days moved, for Pam, in a kind of waking dream. She was kept so busy that she had no chance to realize all that was happening. Meanwhile there was the re-furnishing of the house, choosing with Charles and Judy what was needed, and driving out to the canyon early every morning with old Carlos—who had been lent them by the hotel for the moving—to await the arrival of the purchases made the day before.

The morning they were to leave the hotel, the Mexican came up to Pam and Judy on the long porch that gave on the gardens, his leathery old face as wistful as a child's.

"You be needing someone up in those canyon to cook for you," he said anxiously. "Too much work for pretty señoras. Too much work for beeg señor who write books. You take old Carlos weeth you, to carry water from stream, and make beds and clean. Carlos one ver' fine cook. You find that out eef you take heem."

Judy looked dubious, but Pam's eyes were

and singing and music and games! They ask Nelly to sing, and she sits at the harpsichord with her white gown billowing about her, to sing *Sweet Alice Ben Bolt*. Her eyes are shining with happiness, her voice trembling a little as she touches the keys.

This beautiful harpsichord, with its thirty-two ivory keys in two banks, with three stops on each side like an organ, is now her very own. Her grandfather has just told her that he is giving it to her as a wedding gift, to take away with her to her own home when she and her young husband are ready to build one.

At the nine o'clock wedding supper, the guests toast not only the bride and groom, but the General, too, on his sixty-seventh birthday—surely the happiest (as it was to be the last) birthday of his life. The houses of Dandridge-Custis and Washington are again united. The young people will observe the traditions of both families; and if the country, young America, shall ever need them, here is a new family to carry on the integrity and nobility of patriotic service in the Washington way.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

suddenly eager. Carlos had lived in that house with its former owner; he knew Rosita Canyon like the palm of his own hand. If anyone could help them locate H. Hawkins's lost lode, it would certainly be Carlos.

She slipped a pleading hand into Judy's arm. "Oh, let's, Judy," she whispered.

"Well, it would certainly be convenient," Judy murmured, "but we must speak to Charles first." She had to smile at the old Mexican's tense expression. "Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad plan all round," she conceded. "Here comes Charles now, Pam—you run and put it up to him."

Charles had no objections whatever. They probably would find a general handy man around the new place almost a necessity, if they were to settle down for a stay of any real duration.

The hotel management was fortunately agreeable, so in the end the Strongs departed in the big station wagon Charles had purchased in Tucson second-hand for the use of his family, with Carlos at the wheel as proud as a faithful dog who is allowed to go adventuring with his people.


Pam was never to forget that first evening in her own home. It was cool, as evenings are in Arizona, and Carlos had built a fire of mesquite branches in the deep fireplace. It crackled and glowed cheerily, sending showers of sparks up the chimney, and the three Strongs and Tim drew up chairs to the bricked hearth, and sank back with sighs of relief. Pam, Judy, and Charles had worked hard—and, much as they were enjoying the adventure, they had to admit that they were weary to-night.

Tim had been of little help in the moving. He had made polite offers occasionally, but his lack of interest was so apparent that nobody felt like urging anything upon him. He complained of his old headaches again, and was obviously displeased by the idea of a screened-off corner of the living hall for his bedroom.

Nothing had been heard from Hilary and Pete since that first meeting, except that Pam had found the front door key on the living room table, weighting down a brief note.

"Uncle Bill McHenry" (said the note) "let

Go right where they Bite



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WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

Please check the times by your local newspaper.

SUNDAYS, P. M.
1:30-2:00 CBS *March of Games*—Children who like asking and answering questions are given opportunity on this program directed by Nila Mack.

1:30-2:00 NBC-Red *On Your Job*—Dramas of America's work and workers. This is a fine program for girls interested in vocational guidance. Feb. 2, "A Job as a Wife"; Feb. 9, "Comparison Shopper"; Feb. 16, "Engineers for Defense"; Feb. 23, "Radio City Page Boy."

2:00-2:15 NBC-Blue *American Pilgrimage*—Broadcasts from the homes of famous American authors, with readings from their work and human interest stories by Ted Malone: Feb. 2, Booker T. Washington (Tuskegee, Ala.); Feb. 9, Edith Wharton (Newport, R.I.); Feb. 15, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (Portsmouth, N.H.); Feb. 23, Edward Eggleston (Vevay, Indiana).

3:00-4:00 NBC-Blue *Great Plays*—A series of master dramatic works, tracing the development of drama from Athens to Broadway: Feb. 2, "The Mikado" (Gilbert & Sullivan); Feb. 9, "Rosmersholm" (Ibsen); Feb. 16, "Cyrano de Bergerac" (Rostand); Feb. 23, Victorian Drama (Original radio drama).

4:30-5:00 NBC-Red *Pageant of Art*—A dramatic survey of the fine arts through the ages. Produced in cooperation with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City: Feb. 2, Islamic Art; Feb. 9, The Crusades; Feb. 16, Early Renaissance Art; Feb. 23, Marco Polo and the Discovery of China and the Near East.

8:00-8:30 CBS *Helen Hayes Theatre*—A series of plays drawn from original stories, motion pictures, magazines, histories, and novels.

8:30-9:00 NBC-Red *One Man's Family*—Widely popular drama of family life, recently voted the best dramatic serial on the air. Teddy, the young girl in the family, is of Girl Scout age.

9:00-10:00 CBS *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*—Detroit Symphony with famous musical artists.

MONDAYS, P. M.

5:00-5:15 NBC-Blue *"King Arthur, Jr."*—The adventures of a typical American boy. (Mondays through Fridays)

5:15-5:30 NBC-Blue *Irene Wicker's Musical Stories*—"The Singing Lady" dramatizes a variety of stories, from traditional fairy tales to true childhood stories of great men and women. (Mondays through Fridays).

5:30-5:45 NBC-Blue *Bud Barton* tells the story of a typical boy, about twelve years old, who lives an exciting and, for the most part, happy life in a little Middle West river town. (Mondays through Fridays).



WHEN KATE SMITH TOOK HER ENTIRE CAST TO TUCSON, ARIZONA FOR THE WORLD PREMIERE OF THE FILM "ARIZONA," TUCSON GIRL SCOUTS PRESENTED HER WITH ROSES

8:30-9:00 NBC-Red *Voice of Firestone*—Symphony Orchestra directed by Alfred Wallenstein, with Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks alternating as soloists.

10:00-10:15 NBC-Blue *Story Dramas by Olmsted*—Dramatized versions of the world's greatest short stories, with Nelson Olmsted playing all the parts. (Also Tuesdays and Wednesdays).

TUESDAYS (No programs listed)

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

7:30-8:00 NBC-Red *Cavalade of America*—A dramatic presentation of the mighty course of American life, through the stories of the men and women who have molded it.

8:00-8:30 NBC-Blue *Quiz Kids*—Each week five boys and girls in Chicago are quizzed by a prominent educator. This program is gaining recognition as the "Information, Please" for young boys and girls.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

7:45-8:00 NBC-Blue *Metropolitan Opera Guild*—Each week the Guild presents a dramatic sketch based on the opera to be given on the succeeding Saturday. Orchestra directed by Joseph Hont.

10:30-11:00 NBC-Red *Musical Americana*—Keyed to all musical tastes, *Musical Americana* hopes to win over those who look down on American popular music—and, at the same time, to inspire a keener appreciation of serious music.

FRIDAYS, P. M.

8:30-9:00 NBC-Red *Information, Please*—Celebrities and intellectuals are put "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.

SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:15-11:30 MBS *This Wonderful World*—Girls and boys take part in a nature quiz program conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.

11:30-12:00 NBC-Blue *Our Barn*—Madge Tucker, known to children everywhere as "The Lady Next Door," presents a series of weekly shows from her famous "barn" with child actors she has trained.

SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:30-1:00 CBS *Let's Pretend*—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.

12:30-1:15 NBC-Blue *National Farm and Home Hour*—Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families and, in addition, provides music and entertainment.

1:15-1:30 NBC-Red *Calling All Stamp Collectors*—News and information of interest to philatelists, presented in cooperation with the National Federation of Stamp Clubs.

2:00-5:00 (Approx.) NBC-Blue *Metropolitan Opera*—The Saturday opera matinees are broadcast direct from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

3:45-4:00 CBS *This Is My Land*—A patriotic program which features in play and music form simple episodes that have contributed to the spirit of America.

5:00-5:30 NBC-Red *The World Is Yours*—Produced in cooperation with the U. S. Office of Education and Smithsonian Institution. Feb. 1, "The Army Medal of Honor"; Feb. 8, "The Story of Vitamins"; Feb. 15, "Treaties with the Indians"; Feb. 22, "Disseminating Knowledge throughout the Earth."

9:35-11:00 NBC-Blue *NBC Symphony Orchestra*—Arturo Toscanini conducts the February concerts of the famed NBC Symphony.

us have this key five years ago. Pete and I have just finished clearing out our old junk, so you won't be bothered with it. We'll drop in and call after you're settled. Good luck!

"Hilary Sawyer"

The empty jars in the closet and the picnic basket were gone, and so was the old pick with "H. Hawkins" cut in the handle.

Pam was a little rueful over the disappearance of the pickaxe. "I suppose findings are keepings," she grumbled, "but, after all, they must have found it on my land. I'd have liked to have that pick, to study a bit. There might have been a—well, you needn't laugh Tim," she finished a bit defiantly, "there might have been a clue."

Tim hooted. "Movie stuff, Pam," he said with an aggravating shrug.

(To be continued)

GIRL GUIDING IN UGANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

We'll do the converting. It seems to me there is a story about the volcano, Mauna Loa, but I can't remember it. Also, a few pictures of Hawaiian girls and men, so I won't make too many inaccuracies in costuming. Also, a picture of a Hawaiian native house. Our bark-cloth Indian tepee, with silhouetted red deer running around it, was such a success we can't afford a makeshift this year.

Did I tell you that the Governor of Uganda came to *Hiauwaba*, and the Director of Education for Uganda, and many of the important Europeans? You should have been told about it all, as you were so kind about helping us out. If you lived in Uganda, however, you'd know how the time simply flies away—and since I have this new job going on safari visiting all the mission schools and helping the teachers, I don't know where to find the necessary time to write letters.

By the way, we had seventy native Sisters in for a two weeks' Teachers' Course recently, with seven white Sisters for the staff—and the methods we crammed into those days! But it was great, and they're all so keen and interested in their work.

St. Teresa's Convent

Nsambya, October 29, 1936

It was good of you to get off the Hawaiian material to me so promptly. I scarcely expected to hear so soon, and the photographs are lovely. I'm glad to know about the dances, like the swaying of the trees, as I can do something with that. In any case, I don't suppose there will be any authorities on Hawaii in the audience, so I can get in my own steps without any fear. The costumes are lovely, and will be so easy to make. The "wrapped around" one, as you say, is much like the native dress out here.

The address will show you that I am on another mission at present, though I am still going on safari visiting the schools. Though my headquarters may be here for some time, perhaps you had better send any information to Nkokonjeru as usual, as I shall be there for a time after Christmas. There is to be a training course after Christmas for the white Sisters, and that will include a Guide training course. We haven't given it to the native Sisters, as yet, but I suppose we shall eventually.

(Continued on page 40)

Be sure to check the times by your newspaper. The programs as presented here were as accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR? could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh-hour changes in program listings.

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

Add sewing to your skating and skiing hobbies if you want to look smart on a small budget

By ELIZABETH ANTHONY

IT'S just as important to look smart when you're skating or skiing as it is when you're dressing up for a party. But frequently the budget makes it necessary to choose between a party dress and a sports costume—unless, of course, you make sewing a hobby. In that case, you can have both smart sport and dress-up clothes, no matter how small your budget allowance may be. Many attractive materials are inexpensive, and modern sewing machine attachments will help you turn them into smart clothes.

Right now, you're probably thinking about looking your best on skates or skis. And so we have chosen two colorful costumes for you to make. They are costumes that will add to your appearance and at the same time will not make heavy inroads on your budget.

Even if you've never sewed before, you needn't be afraid to tackle the ski jacket. The pattern can be made up in wool, tweed, flannel, corduroy, velveteen, or gabardine.

Notice how snugly the tiny elastic shirrings hug the waistline and add fullness above. Or perhaps you prefer the style with the straight waistband that buttons in front. Buttonholes are easy to make when you use the button-hoier attachment, in the sewing machine kit, that turns them out in a professional way.

The notched collar may be worn open, or closed when a chilling wind begins to whizz about your throat. And you might finish the collar and the other outside seam edges with an extra row of stitching one-half inch in from the edge. The cloth guide attachment will help you in making parallel rows of stitching. Also you may add the dressmaker touch of shoulder yokes if you prefer, or have the front and back perfectly plain.

When you lay out your pattern and fabric, remember that this is a jacket for "action wear" and must therefore be cut full enough



Pattern
525
fifteen cents

to allow freedom of arm movement, whether you're propelling yourself on skates or skis. You'll find that the pattern carries explicit instructions for cutting and sewing. And, by referring to the instruction sheet, you can cut your material economically without "skimping" the jacket.

Your waltz skirt for skating is particularly attractive if you make it with the suspender straps that go over your own sweater. Just imagine what a figure you'll cut on the ice with its eight gores swirling about you. You can make the skirt lining as colorful as you like—and the pattern also includes snug-fitting shorts to be made of the same material as the lining. When you join the inside seams of the eight-gored skirt, remember that there's a pinking attachment which you can use to finish off the raw edges. After pinking, press the seam open and flat, so that there will be no bulking when you put the lining over the inside of the skirt. Of course, the lining seams should be finished the same way. This pinked finish is good for almost all woolsens, and also for cottons of the corduroy type.

To make the cunning pair of patch pockets, turn under the edges, according to pattern instructions, and stitch them down with the edge stitcher which will help you to sew evenly around curves and corners.

Patterns 525, skating skirt—and 526, lumber jacket are Hollywood Patterns which may be ordered from THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City. The price is fifteen cents.

Be sure to state size when ordering.

If you are looking for sewing helps, short cuts, and suggestions for professional dress-making, write THE AMERICAN GIRL for information about a sewing center near you.

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GIRL GUIDING IN UGANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

However, we have now four Guide companies, with white Sisters as Guiders in three of them, and a European lady as captain of another. They are doing well, but of course they don't come up to our troops at home. One misses the enthusiasm—the native temperament, I suppose, hasn't developed that far yet—one finds at home, but there is no doubt that Guide training is doing, and is going to do, much for the girls out here. One has to be patient, though, and go slowly. I'll be giving the Scout course, so far as I know, for many of the Sisters are anxious to start troops at their missions, and have had no experience. I'll let you know details later. Of course, as I go around visiting the schools, I shall have more opportunity to help them out than if I were just stationary.

I had a very interesting safari recently, up to the Eastern and Northern Provinces—very wild places. Also, I have learned to take movies. I have a movie camera, and on my next safari I am to take cinemas of all the missions. There is going to be an important medical meeting in London next year, with the leprosy problem as one of the big issues, and we want to have films of our leper settlements for exhibition. Also, I want to get pictures of the native dances—I think they'll take at home.

November 4, 1936

On safari again, for a few days, visiting a junior boys' school, a boarding school our Sisters have for the sons of chiefs and educated Africans. There are a hundred of them, ranging from three to eleven, the darlingest tots you ever saw. There is a reorganization of the school at present, and I'm going out week-ends to help—no monotony out here!

Do excuse my letter this time as it has had to be done on the hop, and take my African "Thank you"—"We bale nyo"—from the bottom of my heart.

June 14, 1937

I'm hoping you'll be interested in our Coronation celebrations. From all parts of the Protectorate, Guides came in to Kampala, as the Government had provided transport, and lorries and busses of all descriptions disgorged blue uniformed Guides, of all tribes, at the various Catholic and Protestant missions which were putting them up for the week. There were "March-Pasts" before the Governor, "Torchlight Tatos," a native history pageant, gatherings of chiefs, tea parties, etc.

But some of the afternoons were free, which meant Guides at loose ends—so, to keep them out of mischief, we threw open the Nsambya School, had organized games, folk-dancing, races, a huge campfire, and community singing. It was an interesting experiment. Indoor games were in groups of twenty, under the supervision of a European Guider and a native Little Sister (as interpreter, when necessary). We "shuffled" the companies for greater sociability—the Nsambya Guides had boxes of colors, met them at the entrance, and "labelled" the various patrols, who then went to the room with a duplicate color. Some were from tribes speaking a different language, but we got along famously and they all managed to understand. I was Guider-in-Charge, and walked around seeing that things "got going."

On the big field we formed in companies again for "stunts." Shields on bamboo poles were stuck around at intervals, so that each company had a section to go to, and there was no muddling. All around the field we had

banners, some red, some white, some blue, with large yellow trefoils pasted on. The Brownies made them. After sports, races, etc., we had campfire and songs. It was lovely—and especially "Taps," with about a hundred and fifty Guides of various tribes, who couldn't speak one another's language, singing the Good-Night Song that was being sung all over the world.

We have five Second Class Guides (twenty-three altogether) and the *Athlete, Singer, Domestic Service, Sick Nurse, Dancer, Laundry, Cook, Basket Worker* badges. There is only one First Class Guide in Uganda so far, but we are trying to have three by the end of the year.

By the way, his Excellency the Governor remarked especially about the Nsambya Guides in the "March-Past," on their alignment and smart appearance.

Stella Maris Convent
Nsube, October 1, 1938

I have been bad about writing, but the work—and tropical fever—have about used up everything, and there is so little time. I have had a year of sickness, low fever off and on, than which there is nothing worse—and now I have been made Superior of Nsube, the place about which I wrote in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* where the chiefs' daughters are educated. It is a marvelous place, forty-two hundred feet above sea level, and seven miles to the south is Lake Victoria.

We also have an orphanage here, where we take the children of leper parents. So if you ever want to adopt a really, truly black baby—or any Scout troop is that way inclined—there are tons here waiting to be adopted.

I'll promise to keep up a correspondence with the troop, and give them news of their baby. That's about the only means of support we have, so I'm quite frankly asking your help. I'm sure there are plenty of New York Catholic troops which would like to do missionary work. I'll write a long letter soon. We have a Brownie Pack here and a Guide Company. I want to start Rangers among the seniors, but have no knowledge of them at all. Could you possibly send me some literature?

December 9, 1938

I recently attended a most interesting sports day for Guides in Kampala. Guides from all over the Protectorate were there, Baganda and Indian companies—Goanese, too. East Africa has a motley population. Despite two heavy tropical downpours, the day went off beautifully.

I am enclosing a photograph of one of our Sisters with a few of her Brownies, and another of a Sister with two prospective ones—in arms. Notice the bells around the ankles of the one on the left. That is an old Baganda custom—the tinkle of the bells is supposed to encourage the baby to walk.

The third is a picture of three Guides climbing an ant hill. The ant hills are built up to marvelous heights by those indefatigable workers. Sometimes they select a wall of your house, and eventually the wall has to come down to get rid of the uninvited guests.

February 14, 1939

I'll be sending you a few snaps next week and an account of a very interesting safari I recently took in a car, nearly six hundred miles in five days—and if you don't know what that means over African roads, come

on out and try! The end of my spine was the nearest thing to jelly when we finished.

I've a princess at this school of ours this year—the Kabaka Dandi Chwa's daughter. I'll tell you lots about "us" later. To-morrow morning a chief is giving me ten men to dig up a road in front of a new building I've put up on our compound—a model house for the wives of African chiefs who are learning here. They are busy furnishing it—curtains, stools, etc., and they have a baby from our orphanage living in it, so they may practice their Mothercraft.

We're very busy out here, and Parliament has appropriated millions of pounds for a coeducational university in Kampala.

April 19, 1939

Thank you so much for all the Ranger material. It is so good of you, and the help I have received from America, in all my Guide needs, causes these non-Guiders out here to exclaim, "Well, these Guides, they are wonderful! They help everyone and are so interested in Guides everywhere." Which, of course, is just as it ought to be. I stand up very straight when they say that and swell with pride.

I had just returned from a long safari when your letter arrived, and had a most interesting stay at a little house we have at the Nile, near Kamuli. It is a real Scoutlike shack of three rooms, and we use it when we can't get to a convent of ours—a sort of halfway house when on safari. It has a most interesting *mukumi* (watchman) who stays there all the year round and minds it for us. He is from Zanzibar and he came to Uganda years ago. He was baptized "Jean" by the French Fathers long before, but the nearest approach to the French pronunciation that the natives can get is "Za," and Za he is to all of us. He has been to Algiers, can sing the Marseillaise and play a harmonium. He cleans the house and cooks the meals (with help) and occasionally, to entertain us, does a most marvelous spear dance, as if he were hunting a leopard.

Za tells wonderful stories of the old days when there were skirmishes between the rebellious tribes and the English. He knows all the things in which we *Bazungu* (Europeans) are interested. Every now and then he comes running—he has sighted a hippo out on the river, or there is a huge snake in the long grass, and out we go, with Za for guide.

In the Nile there are lovely little islands, with palms and rocks and creepers, and the yellow weavers (birds about as big as canaries, and bright yellow) dart in and out of their hanging, coconut-shaped nests. There are some huge, hawklike birds that spend most of their time diving under the water for fish, and they are able to stay for some time under water. When they come up and have finished their wiggling meal, they perch on the rocks with wings straight out, drying themselves. They have white vests and look like head waiters. For some reason we call them "Charley Birds." Who dubbed them that I don't know, but Charley Birds they are to us all.

There is plenty of elephant hunting around there, but the Government has protected elephants from a place called Bulamezi down to Lake Victoria. There were plenty of lions, too, a few years ago, but they were destroyed by Government hunters, as they were carrying off the cattle. H'ppos and crocodiles are

plentiful—and morning dips are dangerous as the crocs wait under the rocks near the cataract, twenty feet below our front door, and before you knew it, they would have you by the arm or leg, and submerge you. They are clever enough to know that if they hold their victims under water, they will die.

*Namityango Convent
Kampala, May 8, 1940*

I have just returned from another safari—lovely and interesting except that I had fever all the time, and African roads can be trying even when one is normal. Still, it was great seeing all our missions, and the wonderful work that everyone is doing. We arrived at Buluba, the leper settlement, in time to see a just-shot hippo, a huge affair—and ugly! It took five bullets to lay it low, and there was great rejoicing by the natives as the beast had been raiding their potato fields for months and they couldn't catch it. Africa is brutal. The poor lepers try so hard to get their crops going—and the first thing you know, down come the tropical rains, or animals, or too much sun, and everything is finished. In a recent African book I read this statement by a District Commissioner, "Africa is the land of either too little rain (oh, the droughts!), too much rain, (and how it can pour!), or rain at the wrong time. Still we survive!"

As for war, we are suffering less than anybody, I think, at least physically. Prices are up, of course, and that makes things difficult,

and our ordinary sources of help are narrowed down considerably. Even appeals to the U.S.A. meet with no response, but anyway we are carrying on and praying very hard that it will all finish quickly. Our super-civilization seems to have crumpled up considerably, doesn't it?

I am enclosing a picture of a Kenya woman, to show the mutilation of ears and her unique ornaments. The eternal feminine! The missing tooth in front is a sign of beauty. They extract them purposely.

Perhaps I sent you the other photograph before. In any case, it will be in plenty of time for next Christmas, and you might be able to use it in the magazine. Jakobo and Peter Kizito are having a great time beating the *ngoma* (drum).

Just at present I'm doing no Guiding—my hands are full putting up new buildings here. I'm quite a foreman now. Also, the problem of soil erosion is acute—we are on the side of a steep hill, four thousand feet above sea level, and I spend half my days getting the compound under grass. Otherwise, one of these days we'll find ourselves at the foot of the hill.

I have sent the whole family of nuns and little black boys off to the forest for a picnic to-day, so I have a day of uninterrupted quiet to get my correspondence up-to-date. It's a real joy when I can get the desk cleared. This is the sixteenth letter this morning, so you see, I am keeping my resolution.

PICNIC IN TUNIS

The villa to which we came at last was only a small stucco house, and at first glance it seemed to be unfurnished. There were no chairs, rugs, pictures, or any of the many things you and I take for granted in a house. In one corner of each room was a low divan covered with many pillows, and there were several beautifully carved and painted chests against the walls.

We found, after Mallam's mother had welcomed us and brought us hot, sweetened coffee to drink, that Arabian housekeeping is done close to the floor. We sat on pillows, crossing our legs under us until they went to sleep, and our tea was served from an individual tray set before each one on the tiled floor. Afterwards the girls played a card game on the floor. I had never realized how far up in the air we Americans live.

Mallam's mother said that *cons-cons* was being made in the rear room, so I took advantage of the fact to stretch my numbed and tingling legs.

The littered kitchen bore no resemblance to ours of the Western world, except that food was being prepared in it. Instead of a stove, there were several charcoal braziers—on the floor of course—and something was simmering over each one in a brass or copper utensil. The old woman in charge spoke no French but was most voluble in sputtering Arabic, and no doubt was giving me the complete recipe for the complicated dish that is a staple food in all parts of North Africa.

It is made of steamed *semolina* or wheat kernels, and is then mixed with any number of varying ingredients—fish, chicken, mutton, saffron, pepper, and so on, according to the favorite style used in that section of the country. Moroccan cous-cous is different from the Algerian kind. And the Tunisian manner of making it is different from either.

As I returned to the front room, Naila was sitting in the open window facing us. She

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

did not see Hassan, coming up the path from the road, and when he spoke—at a distance of some twenty-five yards—she gave a piercing shriek and made a dive for her discarded haik on the divan. Mrs. Kelley and I exchanged amused glances, but no one else thought it was funny. Hassan had almost seen one corner of her ear. It was a narrow escape.

He came to tell us that everything was in readiness, then went around to the back of the villa to load the cous-cous and other edibles in his car, and we females filed sedately down to the other automobile, Mallam's mother as heavily veiled as the girls.

We drove still higher into the hills, and finally came to the large estate owned by Mallam's uncle. He was a portly Arab wearing a fez and a white burnous. He ignored the veiled women in the back seat, but greeted Mrs. Kelley and me with exquisite courtesy.

The young men had arrived a long time ahead of us, and were already lolling at ease on colorfully woven rugs under the apricot trees. We were escorted to a similar shady spot comfortably strewn with rugs and pillows—but at some distance from the men. Thus the Arab feminine contingent could sit with their backs to the distant masculine portion of the picnic. They removed their face veils, but not their haiks.

Hassan was the only one who did not pretend that his cousins and his fiancée did not exist. He approached us freely, ostensibly to be sure that we were well served. But it was in my mind that perhaps he was trying to train Naila to accept a larger, freer life after their marriage. The girls drew their mantles across their faces, and of course never spoke so long as he was there.

Mallam was more conservative. He did not come over to our group. I could see that Fatima glanced at him covertly at times with troubled eyes. And indeed it was plain that

(Continued on page 45)

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WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

BOY IN COURT. An excellent short film sponsored by the National Probation Association as a plea for more extensive probation work in connection with juvenile courts. The film achieves wide interest because it puts emphasis on the story and the changing personality of the boy during his period of probation, rather than on detailed welfare technique. Since social workers are already agreed on the value of probation in the case of youthful law-breakers it is fortunate that the film so movingly carries its message to the general public.

GREAT COMMANDMENT, THE. This film has the intrinsic interest of any story about the clash of wills when father and son differ—on marriage plans for the young people, on politics, custom, and religion. But a great, new Hope is abroad at the time of the film's unfolding so that the son's turning to the Nazarene, despised by the father, gives us insight into the revolutionary aspect of Christ's teachings from the point of view of the older, ritual-bound generation. Filmed with the utmost simplicity and beauty, acted with a rare understanding of the fact that human beings were the same in Biblical time as to-day, the picture has real artistry. Christ is seen only as a reflection in the water as He speaks to a group on the bank of a lake, but His voice (that of the Director, Irving Pichel) is one of the most beautiful speaking voices ever recorded. (Fox)

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM. Maxwell Anderson's play about the twelve-year-old Jesus and His first encounter with the world beyond His family has been photographed exactly as it was produced on Broadway. It is to be made available to schools, churches, and other organizations in 16 mm. film. The performances are notable and the language of the play beautiful and moving. The photography is monotonous, but what the play has to say is in its lines rather than its action so that one accepts the camera's limitations. (Theater-on-Film, Inc.)

Good

THE ALDRICH FAMILY IN "LIFE WITH HENRY." Henry Aldrich, the well-intentioned high-school boy who just about wrecks everything he gets into, is Jackie Cooper's best characterization to date. No matter how ridiculous the situations, Cooper keeps Henry real and likeable. In this one Henry has a chance to win a summer's trip to Alaska with an eccentric millionaire

(Moroni Olsen) if he can prove his ability by earning \$100. Henry's flyer in high finance has many amusing repercussions throughout the town. (Para.)

CHAD HANNA. This is a tale of the circus in the days when it was the sole dispenser of glamour to the countryside, and when to describe it as "one ring" was an overstatement. In fact, Mr. Huguennine's (Guy Kibbee) circus consisted of two acts and a sick lion, but one of the attractions was a bareback rider (Dorothy Lamour) and it was she, Chad Hanna (Henry Fonda) and Caroline (Linda Darnell) followed, for quite different reasons, when the circus rolled out of their town at midnight. The story has charm, is delightfully humorous and well acted. The technicolor photography, especially in the many scenes of night activity, gives the proper fairytale air to the old-time circus. (Fox)

CONVOY. Here's first-page adventure with a thrilling battle between a British convoy and an enemy raider, coupled with a fine performance by Clive Brook as captain of the conveying battleship. His estranged wife is escaping from Poland on one of the vessels under attack, so there's plenty of human interest, too. Made with the cooperation of the British Navy. (RKO)

ELLERY QUEEN—MASTER DETECTIVE. That wizard at deduction, via print and air waves, now entertains us on the screen. Ralph Bellamy as the Detective, Margaret Lindsay as his attractive assistant, and Charles Grapewin as Inspector Queen establish interest in the characters and promise an entertaining series. Good mystery. (Col.)

FLIGHT COMMAND. The United States Navy cooperated in making this film the last word in the hazards and adventure of service in the air. Robert Taylor is the cadet who must make good with the veterans of a famous fighting squadron. Ruth Hussey is the wife of the commander (Walter Pidgeon) and the cause of romantic misunderstandings. But the gripping interest is in the squadron and its valorous code. (MGM)

HER FIRST ROMANCE. A charming, unsophisticated story with Edith Fellows blossoming both as a songbird and as an attractive personality. Entertaining, with good music, and delightfully acted. (Mono.)

HUDSON'S BAY. A story of the beginnings of the great fur-trading company, with Paul Muni as Pierre Radisson, a French trapper whose love of the wild country, and whose vision of the benefits it can bring mankind, remain incorruptible when pressure is put on him by the French and, later, by the English King, Charles II, to exploit both the land and the Indians. The story is interesting and well told with a number of excellent characterizations in addition to Mr. Muni's, notably Vincent Price as Charles II and Laird Cregar as Radisson's roistering partner. (Fox)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC. Good taste and warm human values are apparent in every sequence of this most enjoyable film. A sixty-year-old music teacher in the public schools, played with fine artistry by Elizabeth Risdon, in order to build up dwindling interest in her classes, composes a

school song. The pupils scorn it, but her niece (Jean Rogers) sends the song off to a publisher to bolster her aunt's hurt pride. The song accidentally comes to the notice of Bob Crosby, famous orchestra leader. It's a good tune and the lyrics are so old-fashioned that he thinks the radio audience will be amused. When he discovers Malvina is the author, she fits even better into his picture of a frankly "corny" novelty number. How they outwit the sensible (but beautiful) niece to give Malvina a fling in New York is refreshingly told. (RKO)

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR. Familiar and amusing vitriol exchanged by Jack Benny and Fred Allen, with Mary Martin as the Miss Fixit who tries to bring them together. Rochester (Eddie Anderson) is decidedly among those present. Pleasant light entertainment. (Para.)

MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE. Lloyd Nolan is Shayne, hired to keep an heiress (Marjorie Weaver) from gambling. He stages a fake murder to frighten her. But when it turns out to be a real one, the girl and the detective join forces to solve it. There's a minimum of violence so children who like mysteries may enjoy it. (Fox)

Good Westerns

BEYOND THE SACRAMENTO. Wild Bill Hickok (Bill Elliott) in a typical, but entertaining, Western. (Col.)

BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE. Johnny Mack Brown and Fuzzy Knight in a better than usual story of the West, with lots of fast riding and beautiful scenery. (Univ.)

DOOMED CARAVAN. The number of lone women who managed freight wagon trains in the early West must have been prodigious. Chalk up another triumph to Hopalong Cassidy (William Boyd) that he brings freshness and interest to a familiar story. (Para.)

ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE. These Cisco Kid Westerns are really delightful. Cesar Romero is a natural for the sentimental bandit, the plots are varied, and the photography superb. The magnificent scenery in this one shouldn't be missed. (Fox)

TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES. Western fans can take this film straight for its full bill of riding, villains, and things happening. In addition, there's a delightful strain of kidding the "horse opera" and its devotees. Franchot Tone as the tenderfoot hero, Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine, and Mischa Auer, as assorted laugh producers, are all excellent. A grand time will be had by all. (Univ.)

WEST OF PINTO BASIN. The Range Busters do a bang-up job of freeing a town of a gang of desperadoes, along with providing the audience with pleasing melodies, comedy, and romance. (Mono.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

GREAT COMMANDMENT, THE

Good

THE ALDRICH FAMILY IN "LIFE WITH HENRY"

HER FIRST ROMANCE. (If interested)

HUDSON'S BAY. (If interested)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC. (If interested)

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR. (If interested)

MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE

Good Westerns

BEYOND THE SACRAMENTO

DOOMED CARAVAN

ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading



EDITH FELLOWS, WILBUR EVANS
IN "HER FIRST ROMANCE."

RIGHT: THE ALDRICH FAMILY IN
"LIFE WITH HENRY" VOTED
"PARENTS' MAGAZINE'S MOVIE-
OF-THE-MONTH" MEDAL.



HANS ANDERSEN'S FIRST LOVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

you will plunge again into that world in which you write." Her smile was wistful. "My heroine shall have your name," Hans Christian told her, "as if I needed prompting to make me think of you."

Restlessness drove him to aimless wandering before he could return to the inn. Night shadows walked with him in the moonlight and a warm wind that whispered an age-old secret. Only it was wonderfully new to Hans Christian, as it is new to every young heart in love.

SUMMER was almost over when Hans Christian came back to Copenhagen. Sunlight still lay on the canals, a sheet of burnished brass, but the yellowing leaves dropped one by one. Like the ticking of some invisible timepiece each falling leaf marked the passing of a golden minute.

In the solitude of his room Hans Christian counted golden minutes, too, the ones he had spent with Riborg. They were treasures stored in the secret chambers of his heart, to be guarded from the curious or even casual knowledge of friends. Yet now that he had time to reflect, he also had time to be tormented by misgivings.

The Voigts were prosperous people, of well-established reputation in their district, and he remembered that his own father had been a shoemaker, that his mother was even now in a poor-house, and that he himself had been an object of charity. When his mother had remarried after his father's death, the new husband and his family considered her and her child beneath them. Hans Christian had felt the lash of scorn too early to forget it—ever. Through all his thoughts of Riborg, the apothecary's son stood ever more clearly in the background. He grew as shadows lengthen toward the end of day, foreboding the night.

Hans Christian was too intimately acquainted with the collapse of hope not to fear the possibility of losing this, the most precious of his dreams. Better never to imagine Riborg might be his, than to risk disillusionment. Like a fugitive recoiling from danger and seeking safety, he plunged into writing. It was a path down which he had always found escape. More and more the pressure of his work, and the stimulus of his contacts with the literary world in Copenhagen, wrapped his meeting with Riborg in a remoteness which robbed it of complete reality.

He saw Christian Voigt often, and often he received messages from his sister, but they were conventional greetings which any young woman might send a young man and lacked the warmth her voice and smile would have lent them.

Finally Hans Christian achieved sufficient detachment to ask himself honestly what he had to offer a girl raised as Riborg had been in comparative luxury. Would not her parents consider him entirely without prospects? And was he prepared to silence the urge to write, which he had heeded all these years, for a humdrum position which would yield a fixed salary and make marriage between them possible?

He was on the point of rejecting such a suggestion as too agonizing, when news reached him which broke down all his carefully erected defense. Riborg was coming to

Copenhagen with friends and would be in the city for several weeks.

"My sister looks forward to meeting you again, so be sure and call on her," said Christian.

And of all things that waited his doing, Hans Christian knew immediately that only one was urgent. When he called he was not prepared to have Riborg herself open the door to him. He could not find even a perfunctory word of greeting then—only a hard pounding of his heart, surging blood in his face that seemed like a shouted confession of love, and lips that stammered senseless words.

"Is Froken Voigt staying here?" The question was one he had intended for the servant. "I mean—I am so glad to see you."

"I was hoping you would find time to call. Do come in, Herr Andersen," said Riborg, smiling.

He had forgotten how uncertainty and tension melted in her presence. He would like always to follow her into that clear light she radiated, in which he felt himself whole and sound. They were in a sitting room now, and Riborg saw how Hans Christian filled every corner of it. He had not loomed so tall in the larger rooms of her house in the country, nor against a background of sky and trees.

"I am interested in all you are doing. Will you bring some of your work to read? I have not forgotten our good talks together," she added shyly.

While he spoke of an opera libretto he was working on, Hans Christian wondered whether he had ever really seen Riborg before. She wore no frilled cap here in the city. Her dark hair, smooth as satin, framed her face simply. There was dignity in the pillared line of her throat against coiled braids, in the restful poise of her body, and in her deep, calm eyes.

All he needed of beauty was in her bearing and in her spirit. She had an answering quiet for all the disturbing elements in him. For the restless drive of his ambition she had contentment, and for his too sharp capacity to feel, a healing gentleness.

As for Riborg, into her peaceful existence no poet had ever before intruded. Only the son of an apothecary whose simple need of her had seemed sufficient reason for attachment. Until Hans Christian had laid the riches of his imagination at her feet, she had never been truly stirred. Something shining and splendid emanated from his smile and from his light-filled eyes, transforming her world and her being. Small wonder she forgot the grotesque and ugly in him.

"I may come again?" asked Hans Christian when the arrival of friends cut short his visit.

"Next time," answered Riborg eagerly, "bring the libretto to read."

Only the hours he spent with Riborg seemed real to Hans Christian in the swift passing happiness of the days that followed. He moved through all other time like a sleep walker, without volition. Sewing always busied her hands while he read aloud. He watched anxiously for the upward glance of her approval, the parted lips that meant interest, and especially for her quickened breath and sudden shyness when he read a passage of love.

Less and less actual seemed the threat of the apothecary's son now. Hans Christian learned from friends of the Voigts that no one thought him worthy of Riborg, nor con-

(Continued on page 49)

Just off the Press

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A penny for your thoughts



A BOX OF CANDY

MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA: THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine reminds me of a big box of my favorite candy. I take off the cover and everything in the box looks so good that I just have to take one piece—no more, because I want to enjoy my box as long as possible. But that piece is so good that I simply must have one more. And so it goes—until I find that I have gobbled up every single piece from cover to bottom. Then, I have to wait a whole long month for more.

There is only one difference between my AMERICAN GIRL and that candy box. I can take all I want of my magazine and it doesn't make me sick—in fact, I feel very much better after a bite of it.

I cannot possibly tell you which is my favorite piece because I like every single bit of my AMERICAN GIRL candy box.

Charlotte Sherman

CAROL'S SYSTEM

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: This is my first literary attempt at anything. However, I have regarded with awe the contributions made to *A Penny for Your Thoughts* by my fellow readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and at last have decided to put in my two cents' worth.

As soon as I get my brand-new copy, I remove myself to some quiet nook with some confectionery, and proceed to enjoy myself. I have a system. First I zoom through; then I read the articles; then I settle down to enjoy myself with Bushy, Lofty, Yes-We-Can Janey, and anyone else who is there.

Ah! I see the postman now, so I must go and find out what is happening to *Sing for Your Supper*.

Carol Lund

A LIVELY FAMILY

SOUTH NATICK, MASSACHUSETTS: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost a year now. I enjoy it very much. When it comes, I always turn to *Laugh and Grow Scout*. I am a Girl Scout and have been one for a year. My sister has just joined. She likes Scouting as much as I do.

I have two brothers and one sister. My sister is just ten, and her name is Marjorie. My youngest brother is five years old and his name is John. My other brother is eight and his name is Myles. (I imagine you think this is a queer name. I do, too, when I stop to think of it.) I am eleven years old. My favorite sports are swimming, ice skating, and ping-pong, but I like almost every sport.

My sister is the tomboy of the family and

she can do everything, even more than most boys can do. She can hit home runs so far that we have to get a new baseball. She likes THE AMERICAN GIRL as much as I do. My grandaunt gave it to me for a present when I became a Girl Scout.

One of my girl friends and another girl and I are the oldest in the troop. All the bigger girls have formed a Senior Troop. I am in Troop Eight of Natick, Mass.

My hobbies are violin playing, reading, sewing, and leading my three-piece orchestra (violin, trumpet, and drum.)

Mary O'Reilly

FIVE GOOD SCOUTS

CRANFORD, NEW JERSEY: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL since February and enjoy it very much. My favorite characters are Midge and Dilsey. I will be fourteen on January twenty-second and am a Second Class Scout in Troop Twelve.

My sister Mary was a Girl Scout and I am still using her uniform. My three brothers—George, Tim, and Bob—were all Boy Scouts. Tim was even a Sea Scout and is now a First Class private in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Agnes Korner

HELPING TO BUILD A DEMOCRACY

FRANKFORT, NEW YORK: Although THE AMERICAN GIRL has long been my favorite magazine, I have not subscribed for it until this year. I think it's swell.

But—woe is me!—I'm not a Girl Scout. You see, I live in the country and go to a small district school (there are only eight pupils at present) so I have not had a chance to join a Scout troop although I want to very much.

My father works on the road so we do not have a large farm. Nevertheless it is beautiful in winter, when the creek is frozen and everything is white with ice and snow.

Living in the country has its drawbacks, however. There are no girls of my own age who live near me. I have no sisters, but I have a six-year-old brother whose right name should be "Bashful."

THE AMERICAN GIRL really benefits every one around it. I take it to school and all three of the girls read it. Even the teacher! She says it is magazines like THE AMERICAN GIRL that help to build a democracy.

Hazel Lewis

GIRLS OF ALL AGES

SHELBY, MICHIGAN: Well, I'll be seeing a lot of you now, as my father bought me a

three-year subscription for Christmas and I'm very happy about it. Although my first magazine was the September issue, I have gotten it monthly at the library and always found it a pal.

I just love the Bushy and Lofty stories as they are always thrilling and interesting. The Bennett girls have some real adventures, too, and I think there must be something wrong with a person who doesn't like those stories.

Sing for Your Supper was just perfectly swell and I was sorry to see it end—but I hope to see some more thrilling serials.

I like the stories in which fathers, mothers, and brothers give their viewpoints on what a girl should do and what she shouldn't.

I'm not a Girl Scout, but I would love to be one. I read all I can about them.

Well, here's to a bigger and better magazine—but it's big enough and good enough for me now, and I guess all girls think so, too.

I like our magazine because it suits girls at all ages. I'm thirteen years old and I love it.

Barbara Elliott

A LETTER FROM MEXICO

PARRAL, MEXICO: I have received THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years now and I have enjoyed it greatly. I couldn't say which articles I have liked best, for I adore them all.

I live in Mexico. It is wonderful how, through THE AMERICAN GIRL, girls from many countries can know what other girls think about the magazine.

I go to an American school in care of the American Smelting Co. and I live in a very nice camp. My friends and I have a swimming pool. The town is at the bottom of the hill, and our camp is on the top. I ride horseback a lot and love to play ping-pong.

Three cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL! I love it greatly and sometimes feel sorry for girls who do not get it. I know how much they miss.

Carol Fowler

DONNA'S HOBBIES

MARSHALL, MINNESOTA: Greetings to THE AMERICAN GIRL, a magazine every girl should own! It is the most interesting magazine I have had the privilege of reading. It has helped me to win many badges in Scouting, and through its influence I hope to become a leader.

Being a lover of sports, I enjoy ice skating, skiing, and basket ball very much. Besides these, my hobbies are playing the snare drum and photography. I would appreciate any articles on these subjects.

Donna Bot



FINLAND'S "VERY FIRST MAN"—WAR-MARSHAL MANNERHEIM WHO LED HIS COUNTRY IN THE FIGHT AGAINST RUSSIAN INVASION

A LETTER FROM FINLAND

HELSINKI, FINLAND: First of all, I wish you the best New Year—if this will come in time, but better late than never. What may the year 1941 bring with itself? It is a great riddle to all of us, but I'm sure that all of you in America and we here in Finland and the whole world wish that it might bring peace.

It seems so wonderful here in Finland to think of Christmas. We ourselves are now free and live again in peace, but think of those whose countries are at war! Is their Christmas like ours last year? We had to sit in a room the windows of which were covered with thick, black paper. Not even the weakest light was allowed to be seen out of doors. Instead of giving presents to each other, we had sent them to the brave, tireless—but I can't find words to describe our noble soldiers—men who fought there in the dark night and ward off the enemy's attacks. Twenty thousand of them bled their blood for their native country and became heroes whose name Finland and all the world honors. Seventy thousand are now invalids. This was the price with which Finland's liberty was bought, but what an honor it is to be a free nation, *free!*

I can't help enclosing here the picture of

our very first man, War-Marshal Mannerheim. I adore him, like a young girl can adore the liberty-hero of her country. I have seen him sometimes, and after I had seen him I was like lifted into a higher world. Tonight there will be a service in a church and he will go there. And guess if I'm going to see when he goes to church? Yes, I go.

But now I come back to this usual world, from that higher world. We have somewhat wonderful times now: it is a time of constant "card play" in Finland. We can't buy food and clothes as much as we like, but only a certain amount. We are given cards for milk, bread, sugar, coffee, clothes etc. and when we go to buy we must always give a little piece of a card, and so we get seven hundred and fifty grams of sugar per head per month. Even soap is regulated. Whenever two or more domestic women meet, they just begin to speak about all this; and if there is a party somewhere, then everybody takes her own sugar-bits, lest she consume those of her friends.

I have these last weeks been once a week in a great barracks, in a little shop there. I got this job from a Girl Scouts' office which prepares us for some kind of a military service in case of war. I'm really glad to be able to serve our soldiers, even in that little way.

Well, I think this is enough for this time—in fact I ought to ask you to forgive me for scribbling such a long epistle.

And now only one surprise more! Hurrah! All your AMERICAN GIRLS have come, at last. And dear friends, a lot of thanks for them. I feel America has come very near to me.

Anne Erkola

FAVORITE SPORTS

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for only eight months, but I do think it's the best magazine that ever has been, or will be published. I always await its arrival with eagerness.

I am fourteen years old, but kind of small for my age, so some folks say.

In winter my favorite sport is ice skating, in summer it is swimming.

Sing for Your Supper was swell and I am eagerly awaiting the January issue so I can begin *The Desert Calling*. It sounds interesting.

Although I like all of the characters, I think Bushy and Lofty, Midge, and Yes-We-Can Janey are my favorites.

I thought *Music in Your Own Back Yard* was very interesting. Please have more articles on folk music.

As soon as my subscription runs out, I am sure going to take another one because I know I couldn't bear it not to have the joy of getting THE AMERICAN GIRL every month.

Marion Swenson

PICNIC IN TUNIS

the boy was not well. I wondered if that wedding would ever take place.

Servants brought two enormous platters of delicious, steaming hot cous-cous, one for us, and one for the men. According to Arab custom, we should have dipped our right hands (never the left) into the blistering hot kernels, scooped up enough to be rolled into a little ball, and popped it into the mouth. But because this was a picnic à l'Américain, forks were passed around. I, for one, was extremely grateful. I had already tried eating cous-cous native fashion and had gotten no-

where. They say fingers were made before forks—but mine weren't.

The rest of the menu consisted of stuffed peppers à la Tunisie, fried fish, a meat and vegetable loaf, bottles of soda pop, and glasses of fragrant hot *thé Arabe*. This Arab way of preparing tea is both stimulating and restful. It is brewed with mint leaves and sugar, then sprigs of fresh mint are put upright in the glass just before it is served. Even on a hot day it is wonderful.

Although our picnic was in Tunis, North
(Continued on page 49)



AN IMPORTANT Quiz FOR ALL WOMEN

IF YOU can answer this simple quiz, it proves that you know everything necessary to know about Sanitary Protection. (Don't read the answers until you have tried to answer the questions).

1. Are really-fine Sanitary Napkins made of cotton or paper?
2. Which material is more absorbent—natural cotton or paper pads?
3. Which is more comfortable—a napkin having a "sweater-knit" covering or one of harsh woven cotton gauze?
4. Which would you implicitly trust—a real cotton napkin in a knitted cover or a paper pad covered with ordinary gauze?
5. Is it more economical to buy trustworthy, comfortable Protection or to save a few pennies buying a not-so-fine product?

ANSWERS

1. Venus Sanitary Napkins, the finest made, use only real cotton.
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PICTURES OF MERIT *from* the Photography Contest



LEFT: "A POINT OF VIEW" WAS THE TITLE CHOSEN BY DOROTHY GILES, GIRL SCOUT OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FOR THIS PHOTOGRAPH WHICH WAS A RUNNER-UP FOR HONORABLE MENTION IN THE CONTEST

BELOW: THESE TWO SMILING FACES BENEATH STRAW HALOS WERE SNAPPED BY GEORGIA JANE ZENKE OF DAKOTA, MINN.



BELOW: MARCIA MUZZALL OF LAKE STEVENS, WASHINGTON, SUBMITTED THIS UNUSUAL PICTURE OF A BOAT IN DISTRESS



TWO GIRLS REST FROM WADING. PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARJORIE RASMUSSEN, KINGSVILLE, TEXAS



STILL LIFE BY MARJORIE RASMUSSEN OF KINGSVILLE, TEXAS



LEFT: SCHOOL GIRLS BY CAROL NIELAND, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SECOND-PRIZE WINNER IN THE CONTEST

RIGHT: AN OLD WATER WHEEL BY RUTH WALKER, GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA



BETTY HICKMAN OF METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY, A PRIZE WINNER IN THE CONTEST, ALSO ENTERED THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE WHICH HAS THE QUALITY OF A JAPANESE PRINT



EIGHT PIGLETS ENJOY THEIR PORCINE CAFETERIA. AN ENGAGING LIFE STUDY BY LOUISE HULL OF WICHITA, KANSAS





Remarkable

BETTY: Our grandfather clock has been in the family for over a hundred years.

BILLY: You don't say so!

BETTY: Yeah—my grandfather raised it from a wrist watch.—*Sent by CLARA MAE LIEBERMAN, New York, New York.*

Retort Courteous

Uncle John came to visit, and before he left he gave his young nephew a dollar bill. "Now, be careful with that money, Tom," he said. "Remember the saying, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

"Yes, uncle," replied the boy, "but I want to thank you for parting with it, just the same."—*Sent by FRANCES DUNLAP, Knoxville, Tennessee.*

Joys of Commuting

"Do you ever have to hurry to catch your train, Mr. Ballantyne?"

"Well, it's fairly even, you know. Either I'm standing on the platform when the train puffs in, or I puff in while the train is standing on the platform."—*Sent by NANCY JAYNE SMALL, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania.*

Evidence



MISTRESS: Nora, you've left finger prints on nearly every plate.

NORA: Well, ma'am, it shows I ain't got a guilty conscience anyway!—*Sent by ANN ARENBERG, Highland Park, Illinois.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



The Bitter Truth

WILLIE: Say, Dad, why do they call English the "mother tongue"?

DAD: Just observe who uses it the most around this house, son; then you'll know.—*Sent by SARAH FEINBERG, Brooklyn, New York.*

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ought to be. I've been garbage collector around here for five years.—*Sent by EDNA CECCHINI, Poughkeepsie, New York.*

Right—or Wrong!



TRAFFIC COP: Hey, you can't make a turn to the right!

MOTORIST: Why not?

TRAFFIC COP: Well, a right turn is wrong here and the left turn is right. If you want to turn right, turn left and then—aw, go ahead!—*Sent by LOIS SHEEP, Kansas City, Missouri.*

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COLORED MAN: George Washington.

MR. GREEN: That name sounds familiar.

COLORED MAN: It

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WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY

by OSBORNE B. BOND

ONE of the big problems facing collectors of new stamps from other parts of the world is the difficulty of securing news about proposed, and actually released, new issues. Word about new stamps for the countries of the Western Hemisphere and even the Trans-Pacific nations still comes through to America, even if in reduced form, from the vast network of correspondents spread around these countries.

But Europe and Africa, as well as western Asia, always have accounted for a large percentage of the new stamps issued each year and it is from the countries in these three continents that news of stamps is becoming almost as scarce as the new stamps themselves. The war with its resulting censorship is, of course, the reason for this condition.

At the time this article is being written we have just received several French postage stamps with a surcharge which was supposed to have been applied by the German Military forces when they captured the French port of Dunkerque last June. That was more than six months ago and the fact that the stamps, and news about them, are just reaching America at the beginning of 1941 indicates how tightly the censorship of news about stamp issues is being exercised.

We know very little about these German overprinted French stamps, but a possible explanation is that the Germans, upon entering Dunkerque, seized the stock of postage stamps at the post office and overprinted each with three black lines reading "Besetztes Gebiet Nordfrankreich," (Occupied District, North France).

It may be months before we know whether these stamps are genuine and the story correct. Long after the war is ended we may find out that the stamps were never officially handled by the military forces, but were privately produced by speculators. If they are genuine, and there is no reason yet to doubt that they are, they will of course be scarce



and thus very desirable items to have in a collection.

This issue of German overprinted stamps of France is by no means the only war-time stamp issue that has been released. There are actually dozens of such issues that we already know to exist, and there may be many times this number of emergency stamp issues about which we have not yet received news.

We are able to illustrate for you the stamp which Cuba issued to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the world's first postage stamp. It is a large, brown, horizontal adhesive for airpost service and has a map of Cuba for its central design. The portrait of Rowland Hill, whose Penny Postage plan was responsible for the adoption of the first stamp, is shown alongside the map at the right border of the design. In the upper left corner is a reproduction of the famous "Penny Black" with the dates "1840-1940" beneath, and in the lower corner a reproduction of Cuba's first stamp under Spanish rule, the Queen Isabella II. In the lower right corner is Cuba's first, and long-familiar, letter postage two-cent stamp, issued under United States military rule.

In addition to the regular issue of this commemorative stamp in sheets of one hundred, an attractive miniature sheet was also issued, made up of a block of four of the stamps. The shield of Cuba, the country name and inscription are at the top of the sheet in the margin.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Africa, many familiar ingredients were there. Lots of ants came just as they would in Peoria, Illinois; it rained twice; and a goat wandered in and got himself chased noisily out.

After we had eaten all we thought we could hold, we wandered among the verdant fruit trees, gorging ourselves still more with mulberries, apricots, and plums. Then for a while we lay dormant on our Oriental rugs, sleepily watching the play of lights and shadows in the green leaves above us. Unlike Americans, Arabs do not think they have to make small talk in order to be hospitable. They understand that silence can be as companionable as speech, and sometimes far more restful.

Late in the afternoon, we took leave of our hospitable host. But before starting out in our two cars of strictly divided male and female passengers, it was agreed that we would stop off at the village of Zaguan, so that

PICNIC IN TUNIS

Mallam and Hassan could show us the tomb of a *marabout*—a Moslem holy man.

I had not realized how very modern a city Tunis is until we climbed with difficulty the steep hill across which sprawls the ancient Arab town of Zaguan. It was like stepping back a thousand years. The streets were narrow, tortuous, cluttered with children, merchants, donkeys, goats, dogs, and poultry. The stench was terrific. The houses were white walled, with latticed windows and flat-topped roofs.

At first the girls and their aunt thought they would remain in the car. Then Fatima suddenly said, "I want to touch the *marabout's* tomb." They all nodded. It might help things along, they agreed. I knew they meant Mallam's health, and the wedding.

So we all went, following the boys at a discreet distance. Brown, savage faces stared at Mrs. Kelley and me, but never at the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

veiled women. They were modest females. We were European barbarians who didn't know enough to hide our faces.

The tomb was a small white building with a round dome. It was tucked away in a "dead end" street, and several male worshippers were squatting on their haunches outside. They looked up as we approached, and something like a snarl came from their lips. The boys began a spirited conversation with the men. It was in Arabic, but Mrs. Kelley got the gist of it.

"They say European women are forbidden to go in," she whispered, "and the boys are asking where it says so in the Koran."

That question evidently baffled the conscientious objectors, but they pointed truculently at our feet.

"They want you to take your shoes off before you go in," Hassan translated. "Do you mind?"

(Continued on page 50)

HANS ANDERSEN'S FIRST LOVE

sidered her affections seriously involved. He dared send her then a poem so transparently a declaration of his love that she met him afterwards with blushes and quickly averted eyes. Yet surely this was no sign of displeasure, for when he left she used his given name for the first time. "I will keep your poem always, Hans Christian—always."

Hans Christian raised her hand to his lips in a gesture so pathetically a mixture of awkwardness and reverence, that Riborg saw all at once the boy in him, needing a woman's care.

How was he to live in the emptiness that would be left when Riborg went away, Hans Christian asked himself. So long as heart hunger remained unsatisfied he would have no peace. It had grown stronger than his need to write. He went one evening to Christian Voigt, and by good fortune found him alone.

"I have long wanted to discuss this German poet with you," he said, laying a volume casually on the table.

"Poems of love," considered Christian, thumbing through the book. "It is then a subject of recent interest with you? You have always called love a disease."

"One may ridicule what one yearns for, but fears never to experience."

"That means you are in love," cried Christian. "With whom?" he inquired thoughtlessly.

Under his friend's amused stare Hans Christian reddened but kept silence.

"Poor fellow," thought Christian Voigt, "could a girl think him anything but a caricature?"

"Forgive me,"—he held out an apologetic hand—"and keep your secret. I had no right to ask."

"I must tell you," Hans Christian answered in a low voice, "for it concerns you, too."

"Concerns me?" Christian rose from his chair.

"Have you not guessed?" asked Hans Christian. "It is Riborg."

A silence grew between them till it seemed a wall of separation. Christian spoke with difficulty. "My dear Andersen—I had no idea. I'm stupid about such things."

"I had hoped—" began Hans Christian. "She has said nothing to you?"

Christian shook his head. "I know she

likes you particularly, but she has never said more."

And then it seemed to Hans Christian that Riborg had confessed her love to him a hundred times that he had counted. By trembling silences, eyes that feared to meet his when he grew bold, a hand left in his an instant longer than was necessary.

"I feel—I am certain she cares more than ordinarily," he cried, as much to reassure himself as to convince Christian. "I have not felt able to speak to her before coming to you. I have not the means to marry now—but if I can have hope, I will do anything to satisfy your parents. Give up my present work and learn a profession. Oh, Christian, do you think—"

But what Christian thought, he was mercifully spared the necessity of dissembling or admitting. A clatter of feet sounded on the stairs outside the room, laughter and the sound of voices. Without waiting for an answer to their knock a group of students burst open the door.

"What luck to find you here, Andersen! Bergen has to act the fool in a play we're giving, and he's as solemn as an owl. You're just the one to put some life into him."

When Hans Christian was able at last to make an excuse and leave, he was sick with the effort to appear amused, and sick, too, with disappointment, for Christian's embarrassed silence had spoken volumes. He found his way home more by instinct than by sight. Dizziness blinded him. He lived through moments of panic when he thought he would fall in the street. He dragged himself up the two flights to his room and fell at last on his bed, thankful to let the dark tide of oblivion sweep him beyond the pain of thought.

ONE certainty remained, when he could reason clearly again. If Riborg did care, if she were willing to wait, he would dare everything for her sake. Family disapproval, and even the difficult struggle to acquire standing in a profession. He would prove himself worthier than the son of the apothecary.

He wrote her, baring all his heart, baring even the fear of ridicule which made pride tremble side by side with longing. If she had no answer to give him, he trusted her to burn the letter and respect his feeling with

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

silence. He begged her also to be very sure that her earlier attachment would never haunt her with regret, since the happiness of three people was at stake.

Two days later, Christian came to his room. "Here is the book you left with me the other night."

"You have come for another reason than that," Hans Christian searched his friend's face.

"Yes," Christian could not raise his eyes. "Riborg sent me."

"She would have written if she could have given me an answer," Hans Christian spoke quietly.

"She cried so bitterly when she read your letter, I did not know how to comfort her. She says she dares not build happiness on another's hurt. That if she were capable of such disloyalty she would lose your faith in her, as well as that of the man to whom she gave her promise. What can I say, but that I am desperately sorry?"

Hans Christian sat with bowed head. Then he felt the pressure of Christian's hand on his arm and heard the door close softly.

He found courage to meet Riborg after that, found it because he would not wound her with his own hurt. Fru Voigt joined her daughter in Copenhagen and he did not see her alone again. Her wistful eyes, that sought his and asked forgiveness, were messages for him to cherish since there was nothing else.

Riborg's stay in the city came finally to an end, and with it all that had been radiant of Hans Christian's youth. They met for the last time after a performance at the theatre. He waited for her outside and she came to him in the shadows to say good-by. For a silent moment they held each other's hands and saw the tears neither of them could hold back.

"Hans Christian, I am saying good-by—forever." Then Riborg was gone.

Perhaps it was fitting that he should lose her there on the steps of the theatre, where the boy Hans Christian had once lost much. Long after the city slept he paced by the silent canals and watched the stars of heaven drown. The sea gulls on their high perches dozed and stirred occasionally at the sound of his footfall. His was a vigil they could share. Along solitary tracks of the sky, they, too, had met with loneliness.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

We did not in the least. We deposited our dusty white sandals on the step with the footgear of the others in our party. And then, while the boys remained in a small ante-room, we went on into the domed chamber which contained the marble tomb of the saint. The girls immediately went to it and touched it reverently.

There was nothing else in the cool, shadowy room except a lamp of pierced brass hanging from the ceiling, and on the wall a passage from the Koran written in the intricate Arabic script. Neither of the girls could read it.

Out in the blinding sunshine once more, we made our way back to the cars. By this time I was feeling the exhaustion of a long, exciting day. But the boys insisted that there was one more stop we must make on our way back to Tunis. They wanted to show us "*Le Source*" (the spring), from which the ancient Romans had obtained the water to send down across the desert in the massive aqueduct.

It was worth it. We trundled up the rocky

PICNIC IN TUNIS

road just at sundown, when the sky was like a Joseph's coat of many colors, and found ourselves in a ruined, semicircular temple. It was roofless, but the walls were still standing and there were tall niches that had once held life-size statues. Fragments of the marble figures were strewn on the ground. The statues had all been destroyed by the conquering Arabs, for the Moslem religion forbids the making of any human likeness in stone.

The spring, which had been the source of the life-giving water, is no longer visible, but in ancient Roman days it bubbled up clear and cool in the middle of the temple dedicated to it. Worshipers and pleasure-seekers alike could sit on the marble benches, enjoy the murmur of the water, and look down across the valley as we were doing, delighting in the quiet grandeur of the distant scene.

We drove back to Tunis after nightfall, and I was deposited in my hotel somewhat groggy with sunshine and fresh air, much food, and many new experiences to digest.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

The postscript to that strange and fascinating day was written only yesterday. There came a surprise visit from Mr. and Mrs. Kelley, who had returned to the United States. You can imagine how anxious I was to learn what had happened to the four young people I had met at their home that distant day in Tunis.

Naila and Hassan were happily married, Mrs. Kelley told me, and I saw the picture of their baby, a beautiful infant in a very modern looking "bunny hug" outfit.

But Fatima was not so fortunate. Poor young Mallam had died, and she was disconsolate. She finally married, however—not because her heart prompted it, but because, for a Moslem girl, there is no other reason for existence.

And so, here in America, I heard the ending of the two love stories which I had touched so briefly in far-off Tunis. One was frowned on from the first by dark, unfriendly stars, but the other—how glad I was to know it!—had followed that magic storybook finale, "And so they lived happy ever after."

ALL BELLS IN PARADISE

musician in England—became my patron, as he was to many another man. He set my poems to his airs that all sang. And more. When the great Earl of Bridgewater asked a masque for his daughter Alice's birthday, whom did Lawes call on for the words to his *Comus* music, but poor Jack Milton that none had heard on till that time? My fortunes began the day I went to Ludlow Castle and made young Lady Alice's adventure with cut-purses into a pageant for the good Earl. 'Tis good work, boy,' said the Earl, 'but Master Lawes would be patron of none but a poet of parts.' And you ask me to stand by while he melts Harry's thieved flutes!"

Cromwell's calm voice broke in. "The flutes are safe," he said. "But of more import is the flesh and blood made in God's image, Master Poet. Set the wench down, John—Barebones dare not touch her. What are your names, children? And why are you dressed in this ragged gentry's clothing?"

It was considered unmannerly for children of that time to speak to their elders until they were spoken to. Tom had waited with an eager face. He burst forth now, "Your Honor—Master Milton—the Lady Alice for whom your *Comus* masque was writ was our own aunt. Our father played in it, too. Master Lawes was their music master. The old Earl of Bridgewater was our grandfather."

John Milton took an impetuous step forward. Cromwell, hand up, stopped him. "So I guessed before this," he said. "And how came you by flutes and children, Sirrah Barebones, the godly?"

"I—this work against Satan—" Barebones began sullenly.

Tom interrupted him. "It wasn't, your Honor. Master Barebones and a rabble of apprentices looted our town mansion when our father was away fighting, and our mother, here with us, had gone walking abroad with the household men-at-arms for guard. I think he has kept us here so we could not tell who did it."

"I but spoiled the Egyptians, as Moses befrore me," said Barebones angrily.

"Aye," thundered Cromwell, "as you'd spoil England with your Barebones Parlia-

ment that's a laughingstock! Man, John Milton and I came hither, having pleaded with the Council for you. The Council and England are sick of your ways. I hoped you might amend your fanatical, greedy behavior—but what I've seen now is enough. We plead no more. You sit in Parliament no more. Or return in despite of a company of mine own Ironsides."

"But—but what right?" stammered Barebones.

"By right of my new title of Lord Protector," returned Cromwell, "and my power to enforce my protection—of England as well as of these helpless babes." He turned to Milton again. "John, these grandchildren of your benefactor's patron appear to need comforts—food, untorn clothing, a sight of kind faces. Take them to your own wife until we can find their parents."

He bent and kissed both children. Then he said shortly, "Come, Master Barebones!"

Barebones, whining incoherent words of pleading, scrambled out after the Lord Protector Cromwell.

"Shall I go get our cloaks, Master Milton?"

Alice asked timidly. "We have naught else."

"Surely, child."

She slipped out to the cubbyhole of a bedroom where the cloaks hung.

John Milton's long, white hand reached absently to open the case of flutes. "Many a night we played these till near dawn, in my youth at your grandfather's castle," he said. "Do you remember *All Bells in Paradise*? The maids and men used to sing it round Christmastide."

"'Twas that we were singing before we began your Hymn to the Nativity," Tom said eagerly, and reached, too, for the counter flute.

"Aye, 'twas that I first heard while we were dealing with old Barebones in the keeping room," said Milton. He tried the treble, and said, "Sweet as ever! These shall go back to Harry Lawes when it is safe. I know where he is," he added significantly.

Alice entered, hooded and cloaked, her brother's cloak and plumed hat in her hand. "Ready, Master Milton—" she began.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

And then she stopped. Master Milton and Tom had apparently forgotten everything but music. They stood by the cutting bench, each flute to mouth. The music came sweetly in duet from the silver recorders, and she began to sing:

*"And in that park there standeth a hall,
"All bells in Paradise, I heard them ring)
"Which is covered all over with purple
and pall—
"And I love my Lord Jesus above every-
thing."*

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

John Milton must have got Alice and Tom safely back to their mother, for Thomas Egerton—he was actually Viscount Brackley—became Earl of Bridgewater in his turn. As for the unpleasant Master "Praise-God" Barebones of the Barebones Parliament, it was the next day, as Cromwell promised, December twelfth, that his soldiers barred Barebones from the House of Commons. Nobody knows his end, and I doubt very much if anybody cares.

*It is not known where Henry Lawes was, at this time of strife and confusion. But he was safe throughout the Commonwealth. Both sides seem to have loved and honored him, both for himself and because of his fame as the best-known musician of the time. So when his boyhood companion, Charles Stuart, came back to the throne as Charles the Second, twelve years later, Henry Lawes resumed his old position about the Court and wrote the Coronation anthem. The music he wrote for Milton's *Comus* is rarely sung now, lovely as it is. Of course *Comus*—then considered as the libretto to a famous man's tunes—is still a great poem.*

*Milton's post at the time of this story was "Latin Secretary"—what would be now Minister for Public Relations, or Propaganda Minister. Afterwards, he wrote *Paradise Lost*. You will find very admiring references both to Harry Lawes and to Cromwell in Milton's poetry, as well as some expressing Milton's opinion of such unpleasant people as Barebones.*

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Spring Bonnet

THE two friends pushed open the door of the millinery shop and emerged into the golden Florida sunshine, Joan carrying an enormous hatbox. She glanced down into her chum's beaming face. "Well, now that you've got it," she said, grinning, "I hope we'll have a little peace. Do you realize that we've had to go past this shop every day for two weeks, to see if that hat was still there?"

"Uh, huh," Jean sighed blissfully. "If they'd decided to reduce it earlier, they'd have saved us a good deal of footwork. Now let's go home and read the March AMERICAN GIRL."

• "Suits me," her chum agreed. "I can hardly wait to get my teeth into the new installment of *The Desert Calling*. It's exciting, isn't it?"

"Sure is. And it's quite a coincidence that Dorothy Childs Hogner's article on Death Valley should be in this number, too. Sort of a

Western issue. I like the idea of having a series of articles on the national parks, don't you?"

"Yes," said Joan, "especially this year, when we've all waked up to the beauty and preciousness of our own country."

• "That fashion article by Helen Grigsby Doss looks absolutely thrilling," Jean reflected as they sauntered toward their hotel. "I dipped into it just enough to see that Vera West, one of the Hollywood designers who dresses both Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean, has planned a complete spring wardrobe for AMERICAN GIRL readers. I think it's simply wonderful—that we should have her advice about our clothes, given just on purpose for us."

"It is," agreed Joan warmly. "I looked at the pictures before we came out, and I was struck with the fact that Miss West's clothes for us teen-agers are not only so good-

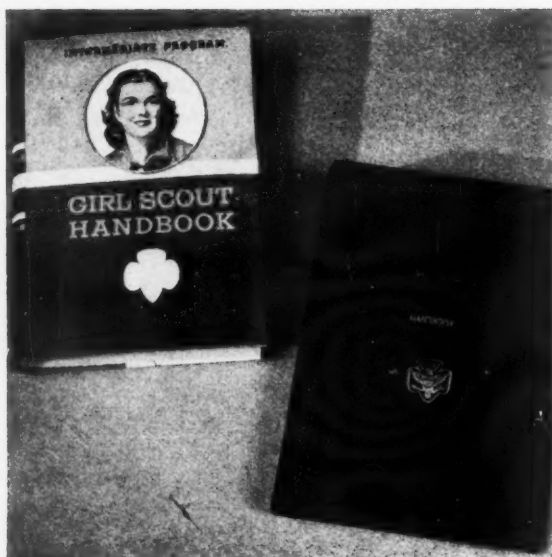
looking, but so well-bred, too. You know—awfully smart, but never vampish."

"Uh, huh," Jean nodded. "They're never what our mothers would consider 'over-sophisticated' or unsuitable—and yet they are very, very right from a fashion angle."

"That article by Florence Page Jaques on making a miniature garden ought to be nice," said Joan, swinging the hatbox to the side to avoid bumping a passer-by. "I wouldn't mind making one of those myself—though I suppose Florida is not just the place for it. It would be better up North, when the winter seems so long and you're just aching for a sight of something growing."

"There's a Marjorie Paradis story, *Star-Spangled Midge*, that looks intriguing," remarked Jean, as they turned into the hotel driveway. "Let's go up to my room and read it now."

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